

The TATLER

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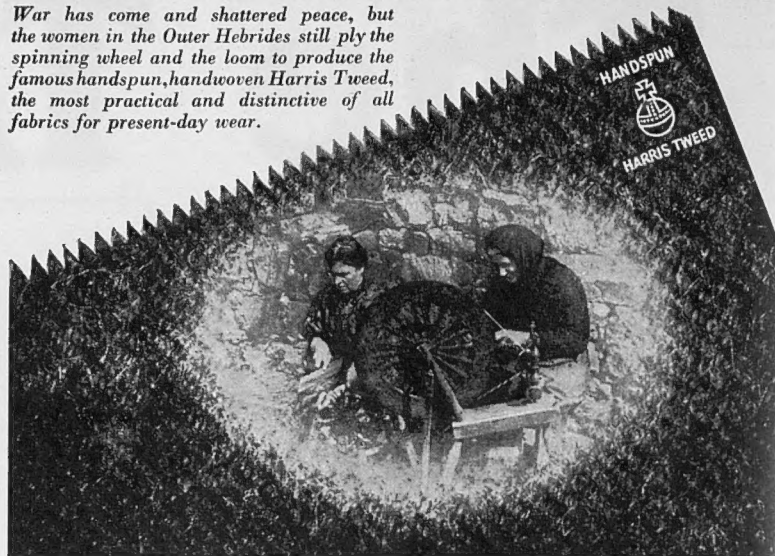


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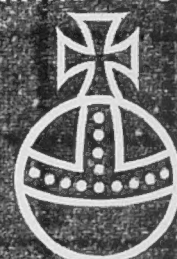


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Cecil Beaton

H.R.H. PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA

A beautiful portrait study of the Consort of the Regent of Yugoslavia. H.R.H., the former Princess Olga, is a sister of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and the eldest of the three daughters of Prince Nicholas of Greece. She was married to Prince Paul in 1923. It was in 1934 that Prince Paul was appointed Regent of Yugoslavia during the minority of the young King Peter who succeeded on the assassination of King Alexander in Marseilles in 1934



LORD AND LADY ARMSTRONG'S PARTY AT A COMFORTS FOR THE TROOPS DANCE AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

The particular unit it was designed to "comfort" was that regiment known as "The Fighting Fifth" which is Northumberland's very own. This dinner-dance was held at the Station Hotel Ball Room and everybody from round and about backed up nobly, including as will be observed, Lord and Lady Armstrong. The names in the picture are:

And the World Said—

Standing—Mr. Ian Coupland, Mr. George Patterson, Sir John Maxwell, Lord Armstrong, Canon Harris, Mr. P. England, Mr. Shaw, Lieut. B. Thorne, Mr. Angus, Mr. W. Wade and Lieut. Baird.

Seated—Mrs. P. England, Lady Maxwell, Lady Armstrong, Mrs. Attwater, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. de Burgh and Miss Sylvia Heywood.

On floor—Miss Peggy Clarkson, Miss Marcia Heywood, Miss Bunty Stephenson, Capt. de Burgh, R.N., Miss Joan England, Lieut. R. G. Boddy, R.N., Miss J. Attwater, Lieut. Wells and Miss L. de Burgh.

"The consciousness of being well dressed imparts a blissfulness to the human mind which religion is unable to bestow."—Pope

JOURNALIZING upon women and dress in 1737, Lord Chesterfield praised his flame, Lady Fanny Shirley, for "good sense" shown "even in her dress, which she neither studies nor neglects." One of his letters to this sympathetic *demi-vierge* is most indelicately "blue," judged by contemporary standards, however lax. In Victorian times I doubt if a biographer could have included it, so perhaps Mr. William Connely is fortunate in his epoch *malgré tout*. Unappetizing as today appears to us, there is comfort in recalling Flaubert's dictum: "*Toutes les Epoques sont atroces!*" The timing of "The True Chesterfield" is certainly fortunate, following upon Mr. Peter Quennell's delightful "Caroline." Both books feature Walpole, Pope, Swift, Mrs. Howard and the Herveys, among other Augustans, and the antipathy between Caroline and Chesterfield illuminates the chief characters. It may have been Chesterfield's intention to ridicule the highbrow queen when he prophesied the emergence of a "third sex," composed of neuter blue-stockings; adding politely, "If they could get into Parliament, I should for my own part have no objection to it." (Lapse of two hundred and two years and we congratulate Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P., on her

appointment as a governor of the British Film Institute.) The women who go to dress shows are not only the most feminine, but often the

most practical. I was interested in the comments on a collection which included many smart numbers but nothing new, except fleece wraps worked like ostrich feathers, and a hug-me-tight jacket in pastel slipper satin over a dark flared skirt. The designer had obviously suffered from not being able to see the Paris collections first, but it was less the lack of novelty which disappointed the audience than the absence of models inspired by "good sense." Women want to look just as attractive in wartime, but they feel that showy effects would be in bad taste. One dear old lady fell asleep, and so forgot to mark her card, and Lady Claud Hamilton (whose Pam comes out at the Queen Charlotte's Ball) nodded once or twice, having been on night duty at Victoria Station, and as any one who has had a spell of this will confirm, the nodding hour arrives around 4 p.m. Others there—Lady "Bertie" Stern, Mrs. Sydney Wilkinson (back from a cure at Droitwich instead of Monte Carlo) and Mesdames "Dick" Thornton and Gordon Claridge, who live in the country except Wednesdays and Thursdays, this being the new S.S. (Smart Set) itinerary. Everybody liked the crazy hats. Feminine logic has decided that though elaborate clothes are "off" (do not

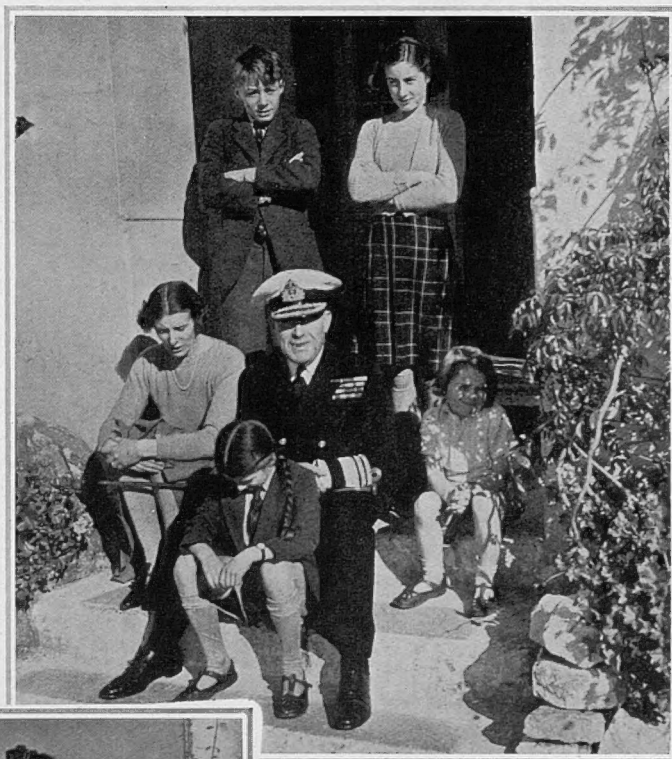


LADY KATHLEEN COLE

A recently-taken portrait of the youngest of Lord Enniskillen's daughters by his first marriage. The first Lady Enniskillen died in 1937. Lord Enniskillen was formerly in the 7th Hussars

Lenarc

mistake me) peculiar hats stay "on," having entertainment value. More shoppers were Mrs. "Billy" Fiske and Mrs. Audrey Rubin who are both living in London, which is good news because they are very gay girls indeed, and this is a very flat town indeed at the moment, with the Ides of March upon us, and St. Valentine's Day behind, though Lord Castlerosse does his best to *égayer* Piccadilly by wearing a beige *en-tout-cas*. At the little lunch he gave in celebration of his recovery from the fashionable bronchitis there was Irish food, and the ladies, who included Mrs. Euan Wallace and Miss L. Corbett, each received a flower. That was nice. So was the reception held by Mrs. Hugh Lloyd Thomas at the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's house after the marriage of her beautiful Sylvia to the duchess's nephew, Mr. David Ormsby-Gore. The bride wore the perfect wedding dress of stiff cream satin with a tiny waist and leg-of-mutton sleeves. As it was bitterly cold she added a blue fox tippet for the drive to Carlton Gardens, where one of the first to greet her new granddaughter was Lady Salisbury, surely the perfect Great Old Lady—sweet and alert. Another Sylvia—*Senhorita Régis de Oliveira*—attended with her father who is not inclined to let her stay on in England, except for a few weeks while he takes a rest cure on the Continent. No diplomatic maiden has been so popular since Baroness Margaretta Palmstierna, who married a Frenchman ten years ago and is now a Red Cross worker in Paris; her three children evacuated and her husband somewhere in the Maginot Line, where the re-appearance of *La Vie Parisienne* must be much appreciated. The first issue since the war contains a page in English with a complimentary picture of "Gracie," and drawings have English captions, but like the *sous-titres* at French films, they are not always direct translations—in case the British reader is easily shocked. A skit on Guitry struck me as very funny though not exactly new. I hear the sketches in the Cochran show are not particularly funny, yet the *tout ensemble* pleases, but to return to the wedding, which is also of interest to Paris; the late Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas having been a much-admired British Minister. The bride's young brother, who gave her away, was



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DUDLEY AND LADY NORTH AND FAMILY AT GIB.

This picture in the sun was taken in the grounds of The Mount, Sir Dudley North's official abode on The Rock. One vivid incident in the admiral's distinguished record of service is the time he was commander on H.M.S. *New Zealand* at Jutland and they got that damaged turret in action again so quickly. Sir Dudley North commanded H.M.'s yachts from 1934, and is now Vice-Admiral Gibraltar



H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR LADY LIDDELL AND STAFF

Lieutenant-General Sir Clive Liddell was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar last year. Left: Captain H. A. B. Quane (Asst. Military Secretary) and (right) Lt. P. R. A. Forbes, A.D.C.

waiting on Mrs. Denton Carlisle at the reception. Six-foot-one, sixteen-year-old Jacqueline Carlisle made a first appearance. In '41 she will be the tallest debutante since the two eldest Lygons. Attractive wedding faces belonged to Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy, Miss Sarah Norton (furbattened for

once), young Mrs. Thomas Clyde, Lady Irene Haig, Miss Deborah Mitford, Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles and her sister Miss Mary de Trafford, seen another day at Gunters, hatless, in a most becoming ruby-coloured tweed jacket. The Older Guard at the church included Lady Astor, Lady Oxford, Miss "Winnie" (Court-auld) Thomson who knows more about cooking than most chefs, and arranges flowers better than any professional, and Mrs. Alfred Egerton who helps at the National Gallery Concerts' canteen.

Another peak in this flat period was the opening—graced by the Kents—of a select dancing, La Popote du Ritz. The band is going to play on Sundays which is good news, because if you cannot get a table at Quaglino's there is hardly anywhere else with foot music. Mr. Robert Hudson of the *front bombé* made a rare restaurant appearance, and Lord Warwick, who is Commander "Jimmy" Dugdale's cousin, was dancing with Mrs. Lansing Arno. An outside drawing of Marianne provides a dash of French atmosphere. At Prunier's takers include the leader of H.M.'s Liberal Opposition, handsome Sir "Archie" Sinclair whose fighting record in the Great War was A.1.; Lord Suffolk, another romantic figure though not in the public eye; Lord Devonport who is still a millionaire; Jane Carr who is singing at the Dorchester with Marianne Davis; and various diplomats who obviously feel at ease among the fish. Mrs. Bruce (Kitty Maugham) who has a certain Gallic gaiety, I met going to the Laughton *Hunchback*, which is not so hot, except Sir Cedric Hardwicke's performance, and, coming away from the resuscitation of Dietrich, which is hot, Miss Angela Ely, escorted by that gay Irishman Mr. "Pat" Smith; her escort on a previous occasion having been Sir George Lewish, now with the Fleet Air Arm, which designation also applies to



THE COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE

A recent studio portrait of the widow of the late Lord Inchcape who died 1939. Lady Inchcape is the eldest daughter of the Rajah of Sarawak (Sir Charles Vyner Brooke) and of the Rane of Sarawak the Hon. Lady Brooke, who is Lord Esher's younger sister

And the World said—(continued)

Commander John Southwell whose wife (still known to St. Moritz as Daphne Watson) has joined him in Ireland where goodly sport was enjoyed at Baldoyle Races, on which occasion a cutting wind turned beauties plain. Appearances are not helped by wispy *bandeaux* and every one thus exposed seemed to have a cold. But Miss Roselynd Mansfield and Mrs. Victor Parr looked well. The latter is a former Master of the Meath Hounds. Miss Dorothy Paget, carrying a lucky toy Panda under her arm, watched her "General Chiang" win the Dublin Steeplechase. After racing every one was cheered and warmed by Lord Milton's and Mr. Eric Harcourt Wood's cocktail party. The invitation had appeared in the sporting page of the morning paper, both hosts being in Ireland on very short leave. Gatherings in Eire remain pre-war in character, but many familiar faces are missing and most of the lovelies have migrated to England on war work. Popular Miss Ethel Jameson is a F.A.N.Y. as is Miss Archie-Anne Cairnes, whose sister, Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart, has also gone across to be near her

soldier husband. Miss Patricia Kenny, and Miss Mary Lillis of the beautiful eyes, have joined the A.T.S., and the decorative Hill-Dillon sisters are war working in Northern Ireland. Lord Kildare came home on sick leave, and Captain Denis Daly spent his leave having 'flu. Sir Basil Goulding's wife is giving lessons in lorry driving to those seeking to qualify for jobs in England, and both the "Hal" MacDermot daughters are war working in England, their brother Brian being overseas. Early in the month Lady Maffey was At Home at Farmhill. This house, which used to belong to Canon Somerville, has a grand view of Dublin Bay and the mountains. The guests were mainly Eire ministers and officials and their ever-loving wives, with some hunting people mixed in. The first performance in Ireland of Priestley's *Eden End* was a benefit for the St. John's Ambulance Association, and at the Gate *Peer Gynt* has succeeded the *Tempest* which had an English producer, Gerald Pringle, as a change from men with names like Michael MacLiammhoir, who is the big name and went with the company to the Balkans last year under the auspices of Lord Lloyd's British Council, which, by the way, is hoping to do great things for Anglo-Spanish relations—if it is not too late, as my Madrid correspondent debated on this page two weeks ago. Ethel Mannin, most class-conscious of women novelists, is wintering in Connemara; so any Irish colour she may use in the future should prove more accurate than her mountaineering novel which I lent to a member of the Alpine Club who has never recovered his balance.

News from the Alps filters through, but the Swiss censor has sat on a photograph of the new "Ski-ers' Express" which is running between Davos and Klosters. There are two of these trains, painted vermilion. They go at forty miles an hour, making the Parsenn a practically painless proposition, by whisking ski-ers back from say, Wolfgang, to Davos every few minutes, instead of the freezing waits and overcrowding of past years. When I told a ski-ing and serving general about this brilliant improvement, he said, sarcastic like: "Do you seriously imagine that any of us will ever have the money

to go to Switzerland again." To which I replied with a Boothby, that is by Yes and No. I believe we shall go to Switzerland again, third class, for eight days only, in a totalitarian tour, but that will be better than not going at all. Personally, I shall economize further by camping in the waiting-room at Filisur, where I have slept before. *Après la guerre* there will be more of these scarlet perils, plying between Filisur, the junction for St. Moritz, and Davos. This welcome speeding up of communications delights Mr. Juon of the Rhaetian Railway (now with his regiment) and annoys the Vested Interests who have so far succeeded in keeping Davos and St. Moritz apart by making the journey incredibly tedious, with an incalculable wait at Filisur, where there is nothing to do, nothing to look at—except bad earth coming through inferior snow—and nobody to converse with because the only porter scintillates exclusively in Romansh. But he is well disposed to the mad English, and will sometimes lend a piece of chalk with which one can write on the sides of trains—a very happy pastime. The Swiss Cresta-rider, Carl Nater, whose sister is going to Finland with a Swiss Red Cross unit,

tells me there are some two hundred visitors in St. Moritz divided between the Palace and Suvretta. His wife, Alice Cartier, is wintering there. The Swiss Government urges its nationals with jobs abroad to keep them, which is why Carl was released from military service, and will be in evidence at Jim Lawrence's wedding. Meanwhile he is trying to get into the R.A.F. because, like every Swiss, he has had enough of the German menace, and wants to do his bit for his country's best customer. Scottish curlers will be moved to hear that their cries were sadly missed when the Bocca Cup was played at shuttered Mürren, and the cup went down the mountain to Berne for the first time in years. Miss Gertrude Hofman of Mürren and Interlaken is going to be married in April to an Egyptian archaeologist and sociologist, Merritt Bey Ghali, whose grandfather, Boutros Pacha Ghali, was assassinated in 1910 when he was Prime Minister of Egypt. There is talk of a ski-ing



THE WOMEN M.P.s' DEPUTATION ON WARTIME JOBS FOR WOMEN

A snapshot taken as they were leaving the Treasury after seeing Captain Crookshank, Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, concerning the employment of women in wartime jobs in the Civil Service. There are many women who should be doing some of the jobs in service departments carried out by the A.T.S., W.A.A.F. and W.R.N.S. who for age or health reasons cannot join these organizations. The deputation was led by Lady Astor. The names (l. to r.) in the picture, are Mrs. M. C. Tate (Frome), who led the revolt in the House in the debate on the Wheat Commission, Dr. Edith Summerskill (Fulham), Lady Astor (Plymouth) and Mrs. J. L. Adamson (Dartford)

party setting out for Sestriere from this country, headed by a celebrated playboy, but I doubt if such a project will materialize. After all, we are at war, and very few young men have nothing better to do than ski; furthermore Italy remains the potential ally of our deadly enemy. Most citizens have now realized that Germany in general, and not only the Nazi Government as such, is bent on destroying the British Empire and ruling France and this Island with the same unspeakable cruelty as is being meted to the Poles. We do not laugh at the mention of anti-Christ, on the contrary; so why laugh idiotically at the Nazis? Spurn them, scorn them, dare them as Winston does in his tremendous speeches, but do not giggle at this Evil Thing; pray that it may be exorcised, work that it may be overcome, and leave giggling to those bureaucrats who sponsored the "funny drawings" of Hitler peeping out from under chairs and tables. *A propos* this breach of "good sense" the brilliant Australian-born novelist, Helen ("Maid No More") Simpson remarked to me "I believe in encouraging people to ridicule the gossips, but to make childish fun of the Forces of Evil is wrong," and when Helen Simpson says "wrong" with all the dynamite of her strong intellect and the square snap of her jaw, she is jolly well right.

*Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street*

THE HON. MRS. VIVIAN JACKSON—A RECENT PORTRAIT STUDY

Lord Newborough's only daughter is the widow of Mr. Charles Vivian Jackson who died in 1936. Mrs. Jackson, who has a house in Warwickshire, Armscote, Stratford-on-Avon, is a very good horsewoman and very fond of all animals, especially of the borzoi seen in the picture, whose name is Boris Lutonia-Tchaikposky—a big mouthful and no little impressive. Lord Newborough was formerly a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve and the birth of a daughter to the present Lady Newborough, who is his second wife, was announced last week. The child was born in Paris. Lady Newborough was formerly Miss Deniza Brann



CHARLES LAUGHTON AND ELSA LANCHESTER,
WHO IS MRS. CHARLES LAUGHTON

This picture was taken in Hollywood when they were listening to the words of wisdom of a director of "a new film"—name so far not signalled. London at the moment is gazing at Charles in awed admiration in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, in which he gives full value to Victor Hugo's macabre story

THE new film at the Odeon, *Hollywood Cavalcade*, flatters only to disappoint. It is a cavalcade which, after breaking into a highly successful trot, suddenly stops cavalcading and turns itself into a doleful and protracted procession of broken hearts. The story begins with a young Irishman called Mike who has a notion about directing motion pictures at a time when a hundred dollars a week was considered an enormous salary for a film star. The young lady in the present case is called Molly and her screen tests promise well. "She's great!" says Mike's partner. "With proper direction she can be built into a money-making asset." "That's what I intend to give her—proper direction!" replies Mike. This seems to me to be a wild anachronism. The date is pre-custard pie, and I firmly refuse to believe that at that early period there was any notion of *directing* a picture. However, Mike proceeds to direct Molly in a film which it is proposed to turn into an "emotional epic"—another wild anachronism. In the middle of this emotional epic Buster Keaton picks up a custard pie and throws it at a preposterous fellow with a monocle who ducks to let the pie hit Molly. The cameramen roar with laughter, and the custard pie comedy is born! Thanks to Buster Keaton, this part of the film is delightfully funny. The custard pie episode is succeeded by a reconstruction of Mack Sennett's *Bathing Belles*, who in turn are followed by the *Keystone Cops*. These last are responsible for ten minutes of uproarious laughter. There follows a half-hearted attempt to show picture making on the D. W. Griffith scale. Then there is a throw-back to Al Jolson, and with the arrival of the talkies the cavalcade part of the film is over.

Molly must now be matched with a screen lover, and somebody called Nicky is chosen. And here for a trembling fraction of a second it seems as though the film is going to take on the quality of irony. Mike is told that Nicky is a famous Broadway star. To which Nicky says: "Shucks, I've never seen Broadway. Until yesterday I was working at a gas station!" Can it be possible that the film is going to take a sidelong glance at the true nature of an art whose stars of today were the garage hands and manicurists of yesterday? No, it is not possible! And then we have to settle down while the film, which to this point has trotted quite briskly, fades away in a jogtrot of broken heartbeats. For

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Half-truths About Hollywood

Molly marries Nicky, with tragic consequences to Mike who has been too busy directing Molly to tell her how much he loves her. So Mike falls out of pictures, only to be brought back again when he is an utter wreck in a beautiful new spring suit. (Most of the film is in Technicolor!) Then Molly and Nicky have a motor smash. Nicky is killed. . . . Need I go on to recount the rest of this dreary drivel?

The film ends just at the very point when it might become genuinely fascinating. The re-assorted lovers stand on a balcony and tell each other that the prospect in front of them is the Hollywood of the future. Now is there, or is there not, a great picture to be made beginning where this film leaves off? I think there is. But it is a picture which never will be made for the reason that no audience could ever be assembled to see it, except possibly by the Film Society on some foggy Sunday afternoon in November. For the truth which that picture would have to show would be wildly unpalatable to the general film-goer to whom the screen is escape and nothing but escape. Now there is nothing wrong about escape, since all of us do it. Mr. Chamberlain's form of escape appears to be a walk in the park, and I have no doubt that there are times when Herr Hitler still dandles on his knee babies which are strictly Aryan. But let us leave politics. The educated find their escape in books, music and the theatre. The uneducated find escape in cheap magazines, hot music and the cinema. And only that part of the cinema which deals in tosh, trash and twaddle. Transfer the programmes from Studio One and the Academy to the Warner or the Empire and you would at once empty those houses. Hollywood in so far as it hopes to market its pictures can only do so by exploiting every vulgarity of thought and emotion. I have been reading Mr. Charles Landery's new book, "Hollywood is the Place!" where I find this description of what Hollywood Boulevard looks like: "Seen in the daytime, the Boulevard is a progression of gas stations, cafés, bars, cinemas, clothes shops, drug stores; photographers' studios—advertising portraits and longing to display an enticing sample of their work on a movie star; beauty shops, one of which claims special merit because the owners have been one hundred and seven times across the ocean, and places selling mementoes to tourists. All are thin constructions, erected almost overnight to surprise a population that thrives on and demands titillating surprises, and to be pulled down with similar rapidity if need be. It is haphazard and without plan; here an old wooden building; there a new stucco affair, crisp as the icing on a wedding cake. In one place there is a low building with cheap shops; on the same block stands a super cinema rearing its misshapen head to startle tourists by its strangeness. At one end there are small cinemas, modest in appearance and in price; at the other there are huge grotesqueries such as the Chinese Theatre, the Egyptian (with a jumbled architectural ancestry bearing little resemblance to a parent building by the Nile), and Warner's, with its artificial ceiling of sky and moving clouds. It is a careless street, this famous glamorized Boulevard, a street without a soul, cold despite the hardening sun. It resembles a set of inferior false teeth, ruined by vacant gaps of sun-cracked land overgrown by brown weeds and littered with paper and rubbish." It is this which any film justly bearing the title *Hollywood Cavalcade* ought to show. But such a film never can be made until ninety-nine hundredths of the film-going population are prepared to be told, and to like being told, that their way of escape is irresistibly and remorselessly low. In the meantime I shall expect my colleagues to declare that they wept for sympathy with Mr. Don Ameche and laughed with Miss Alice Faye. Or was it the other way round?

* * *

The Real Glory which commenced its London career at the Marble Arch Pavilion, on the 18th, has a very strong cast to put over an exciting story all about the savage Moros, a raiding jungle people in the Philippines, and what befell a small American garrison. Gary Cooper, Andrea Leeds and Reginald Owen are the leads, and full value in gore, gallantry and adventure is provided. Very good entertainment and quite possibly based upon things that have actually happened.

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THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY, LADY BRIDGETT POULETT
AND SIR ADRIAN BAILEY

The main thrill of this contest in aid of the Red Cross which was presented by Lord Queensberry (see picture), was the disqualification of Guardsman Arthur Danahar in the second round of his fight with Norman Snow for the Southern Area Welter-Weight Championship. It was what is called a "wild" left that did the mischief. Snow now qualifies for the British Championship final eliminator with Jack Kilrain, and Danahar wants a return with Snow on a winner-take-all basis. As will be no doubt observed, all the leading lights in the way of boxing fans were on the premises, headed perhaps it can be said by one "Critch" who is in a group with some other R.A.F. well knowns. Lord Castlerosse is another "regular," and not only at boxing entertainments, and Lady Dunn who was formerly Lady Queensberry, and Lady Jersey the former Virginia Cherrill, are not unknown on the more decorative side of boxing audiences. Another celebrity present was Wales's hero Jack Petersen, now a one piper and like so many more in the world of sport doing a good job of work in the nation's cause



LORD ILIFFE



AIR COMMODORE A. C. CRITCHLEY, AIR COMMODORE H. BEAKE
AND WING COMMANDER W. C. WILSON



H.H. THE AGA KHAN
LEAVES FOR INDIA

A snapshot taken in his stateroom on board the S.S. *Conte Brancamo* in which he left Genoa for India where he will arrive for, at any rate, the back-end of the cold-weather racing season

of any of these homes of sport.

My own personal experience only extends to racing people. I was very strictly brought up, and since maturity I have been so busily employed in ascertaining on my own behalf and on behalf of the millions who hang on my every word, what will win on the morrow, that I have had little time to bother with the discretions and indiscretions of those who are not in the same line of business as myself.

Those of you who laugh at the precautions taken by the Ministry of Information can have no idea what goes on in racing circles. I know of one well-known trainer who invariably makes his wife go and have a fiver on the rails on any non-tryer of his he thinks may look a trifle "conspicuous" despite the artistry of the jockey "on top." Similarly, he will give his little daughter five bob to put on the favourite when he thinks one of his own is sure to beat it. He puts this money down as expenses, and regards it as money well spent.

All this subterfuge is the result of spies, or in racing parlance, the touts, and when I use the word "touts," I mean the pests in Tattersall's and the Members' Enclosures, who are not to be confused with my many hard-working friends, who report the work (if any) every morning at Newmarket and other training venues.

The life of the owner and trainer is, therefore, one long battle against the

DISCRETION, we all know, is the better part of valour, and as Sir John Reith has started a campaign for discretion, we should have no fears for the future. Ere the war is over I have no doubt that we shall have established a Ministry of Discretion and I humbly suggest that the first minister shall be appointed from the ranks of the professional racing men in whom the need for secrecy has been instilled since they were old enough to differentiate between the sexes of the horses in the gov'nor's yard.

The real professional, no matter whether his or her beat be Newmarket, Jermyn Street, Wembley or Altcar, loves a secret, and he or she will lead you into a far corner before answering the very simplest question. Sir John Reith need have no fear that indiscretion will emanate from the lips of the denizens

Racing Ragout

By QUINTIN GILBEY

spies lest they may supply the enemy with information which may enable them to forestall their carefully laid plans for the future. These men, therefore, should prove invaluable when it comes to deciding as to what is important news and what is not, for this faculty requires no small amount of experience.

Although I have no doubt that great secrecy is very necessary in wartime, in racing it often acts as a boomerang, with the result that "the bigger the mystery the shorter the price." The greatest hush-hush coup I was ever associated with resulted in the horse starting at 5 to 4. On the other hand, about ten years ago my brother owned two two-year-olds, called Maiden Voyage and Peace Pact, and prior to Lincoln his trainer galloped them together. Peace Pact won the gallop by fifteen lengths. Maiden Voyage was entered in the Lincoln Plate on the Wednesday, and ran most creditably, finishing close-up fourth, beaten less than a couple of lengths by the winner. Peace Pact was to run in the Molyneux Plate at Liverpool on the next day and my brother told every one about the gallop, yet despite the fact that she was ridden by a young man called Gordon Richards, she started at 8 to 1. Nevertheless, she duly won by eight lengths. This story has no moral attached to it, and I am not suggesting we should broadcast our secrets to the enemy, hoping that they won't believe them as the racing world obviously refused to believe my brother Geoffrey.

Women are, of course, far more indiscreet than men, due to their insensate desire to appear "in the know" in the eyes of their friends. The worse, or more indelicate the news, the more anxious they are to impart it. Those telephone calls between 10.30 and 12.30 each morning have already been responsible for the birth of a nation.

I have seldom met a woman who was really any good at keeping a secret. I am not suggesting that they all wear their hearts on their sleeves, but they make such a song and dance about their secrets, that they nearly always give away the answer. For instance, if one of the nicest women I know, who happens to be connected with a big stable, cuts me

stone dead in the paddock, I know immediately that one of theirs is much fancied. It always makes me a trifle annoyed when people obviously think I am going to tout them for information. I have committed a mass of indiscretions in my time and devoutly hope that I shall be spared to commit a mass more, but I defy any of my racing acquaintances to say that I have ever asked them for information. I take no credit for this, for it just happens to be one of those things which would embarrass me acutely, like asking someone if his wife were going to have a baby.

I'm afraid I've strayed somewhat from the point which I had meant to discuss, which was what amounts to an indiscretion and what is just good clean gossip. The two worst *faux pas* I can remember were both made by women. The first happened at Newmarket many years ago. There had been a very glaring case of "stopping" which I had happened to mention to my female companion (girl friend is too endearing a term). That evening we went to a cocktail party at which were present the owner and trainer of the frustrated horse. To my horror, after three or four Martinis, I heard echoing round the room: "Quinny says so and so (mentioning the horse's name) had his back teeth pulled out." Owner and trainer didn't speak to me for many a long day.

Indiscretion No. 2 happened only a few weeks ago at a luncheon party, when the lady on my left (a trifle

(Continued on page vi.)



Poole, Dublin

AT NAAS RACES, CO. KILDARE

Lord French, grandson of the famous field marshal and son of the present Earl of Ypres. He is now up at T.C.D., and this is the first snapshot taken of him since he has come to Dublin. The others in the picture are Miss Mary O'Connor, niece of the O'Connor Don, descendant of the last High King of Ireland, Roderic O'Connor, and the other man is Mr. Franz F. Ofner

More pictures of this meeting in our next issue

AT NEW YORK'S

FAMOUS EL MOROCCO



ANDRÉ KOSTELANETZ AND LILY PONS,
HIS WIFE



THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER



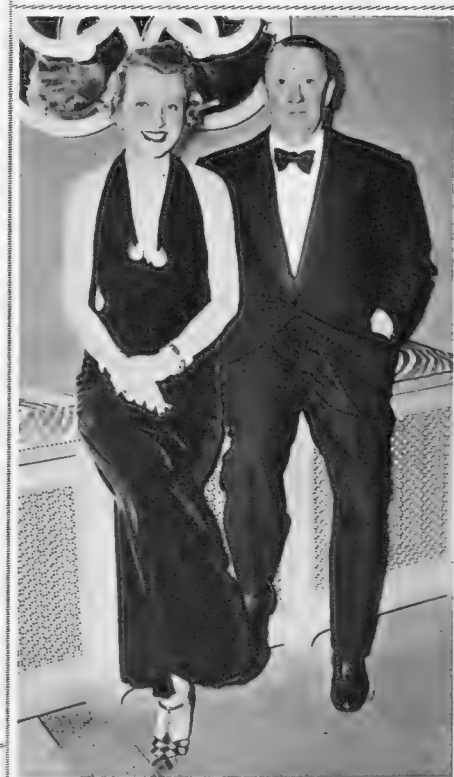
MR. JULIAN GERARD, JR.,
AND MISS DIANA BARRYMORE



MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT
AND PRINCE SERGE OBOLENSKY



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER
AND MISS PAULETTE GODDARD



MR. AND MRS. JOHN MOFFAT
FROM LONDON TOWN

Judging by these pictures and the news from the other side, the war has not so far affected the spirit of gaiety which is always uppermost at New York's so justly famous concentration spot. England, in spite of the U-boats, has many visitors, and some of them are in this page. The Duchess of Leinster, who was formerly Miss Raffaele Kennedy, and Mr. John Moffat and most attractive wife are amongst them. Lily Pons and her musical conductor and composer-husband look especially pleased to be in New York instead of in a much less safe spot. Mr. Julian Gerard, who is with John Barrymore's little daughter, is a nephew of Mr. James Gerard, who was American Ambassador to Germany during the other war v. the Hun. Mrs. James Roosevelt, who is with a member of the famous Obolensky family, is the President's daughter-in-law. Constance Collier, whom we all miss badly in our country, and Paulette Goddard need no identification discs

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



PROFESSOR A. M. LOW, AUTHOR OF
"MODERN ARMAMENTS"

The famous scientist and inventor wrote this most absorbing book before the outbreak of the Second German War, and in it he tells us all about mines dropped by parachute, the magnetic torpedo and also about all kinds of bombs, battleships, tanks, guns, and so forth. It ought to be the modern soldier's "Bible." The book is published by John Gifford

of the gospel of love. And this gospel willingly includes even such unspeakable ruffians as Stalin and his gang and Hitler and his gang, and all those lesser ruffians who gladly—since a decent human being would revolt at committing atrocities such as they gaily perpetrate—fulfil their orders. Do I admire such a gospel? Honestly, I do not. My experience has shown me that there is almost as much human trouble caused by lush thinking as by tyranny; simply because it, to all intents and purposes, condones tyranny always at the expense of its victims. To stay your hand for love when that gesture means the continued torture of millions of innocent people is in my mind no virtue at all. A good firm "No!" in the early stages of a bullying tyranny almost invariably saves a massacre later on. And a righteous hate is better for the soul than a whole period of meek resignation. Half the world's present troubles have come through human weakness in the face of persecution. It is a strange fact about these "peace-at-any-price" advocates that, such is their lack of imagination, they never stir a finger for human justice until the enemy is actually on their own doorstep. When, of course, it is too late, and a million mangled bodies testify to their retardation. I know it is very beautiful to love, but only when also you know how and what to hate. So many people feel themselves predestined for heaven—at the roundabout expense of other people. An exaggerated unselfishness can work almost as evil a way as an exaggerated selfishness. As some man has already declared, in the face of cruelty, tyranny, persecution, injustice and vindictiveness, no matter what pretence of ideology may be their cause, it is shameful to remain neutral. And if you love a thing, you have to fight for that love; otherwise it is simply mush-emotion. Peace and happiness and freedom create their own enemies, nationally, internationally, and even in a home. And these enemies are for ever on the watch.

The War and Its Personalities.

I HAVE a dear friend, she is a Finnish lady who, in spite of all that has happened to her dear country and to those of her family who still live there, is still an ardent advocate

As one reads Mr. Beverley Baxter's most interesting book of the "Inner story of personalities and events behind the war"—"Men, Martyrs and Mountebanks" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)—one grieves again over the knowledge that, if only the League of Nations had fulfilled their Covenant when Japan invaded Manchuria, there would probably be no greater war to face and endure at the present time. Tyranny never shrinks from action, and that action grows naturally upon the opposition it rarely has to face. Force, which does very well for its own evil ends, is a very catching complaint. The only thing to stop it is to stop it early. Love won't impede it; it will only, at long, long last, cure its ill. Tyranny, like a spoilt child, turns eventually against the hand which succoured it. This was the history of the failure of the League of Nations and the birth of the present world-calamity. Right nearly always comes up panting half a generation too late, when the world is already strewn with misery and death.

Mr. Beverley Baxter's story of the causes which led up to the rise of Hitlerism is a bitter story to read. It is a condemnation of the evil which Germany now represents. That, it would historically appear, is part of the Prussian German make-up, of which Russia is now a repellent reflection. Maybe there was a Mongolian link between them in the dim past. And yet the result of this evil finding brotherly evil might have been avoided if the League of Nations had provided unison at the start, and America, having bequeathed it to the world, had not deserted her offspring to take moral refuge in that sympathy which is always ready to overflow, but does not incommode.

"Men, Martyrs and Mountebanks" I found an extraordinarily interesting book. It deals so much with personalities, and personalities are always the background of events. How illuminating, for instance, is that story he relates of the luncheon-party when members of the German Legation in London, at which he was present, asked him point-blank why he did not admire the Nazis. "A jovial thumping of the table supported the host's demand for a reply. 'It is difficult for me to put it into words,' I said, 'but since you have asked me to do so, I will try. We are all at this table men and women of the world. Any one of you would be willing to tell an amusing story about Chamberlain, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, or even make fun about Westminster Abbey. We are a democracy, and we reserve the right to treat our masters as our equals. But look at you Germans here. You are all cynics, you are all realists, and none of you are humbugs; yet which of you at this table is prepared to say that Adolf Hitler is less than

God?' There was a sudden and almost ludicrous silence. No one spoke, and every face was deadly serious. Fritz Randolph made the first attempt to end the silence. 'Of course,' he said, 'we all know, Baxter, that you are a *farceur*. You make good jokes.' I assured him that, on this occasion, I was not making a joke of any kind. 'After all, I am not asking very much,' I said; 'merely that one of you should admit that, great as Hitler is, majestic and sublime as he is, he is still less than God.' This time the silence remained unbroken. Then the hostess rose. The luncheon was over. Richatson-Hatt and I drove down to Fleet Street together. We both had the same feeling—that we had seen something ironic yet tragic. A race of men who had surrendered their very manhood in their fear of a system which had raised a second-rate Austrian sign-painter to the level of the Supreme Being."

And yet, in spite of its evil, there is a glorious side to the present war-story. The glory of how every part of the British Empire, except Southern Ireland, rallied to the Mother Country at the outbreak of hostilities—much to Hitler's and Von Ribbentrop's surprise and anger. The

(Continued on page 242)



MR. CHARLES LANDERY, AUTHOR OF
"HOLLYWOOD IS THE PLACE"

This is a travel and autobiographical book, and although the author extols Movietown, he is unfeignedly glad to be back in the land of pubs and old-and-mild. His first book, "So What!" was also a success. Mr. Landery is now acting as story editor in England for the Columbia Picture Corporation



STUDY IN
SUN AND SHADE

TO REMIND YOU:—

Fred Daniels

"IF WINTER COMES, CAN
SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

magnificence of France amid the danger shared. Yes, it is a glorious story, this part of it. A glory which can only come through suffering and danger and loss in the face of cruelty, injustice, lying, and all the family of evil. Thus the book ends: "It is no mean thing to have lived to see this peace-loving country throw off its sloth, discard its false dreams, and answer to the challenge of destiny once more. Britain is awake to-day. She is vibrant with life and ready once more to follow her star. At long last—her patience is exhausted. Hitler's doom is written in those words."

A Finely-Written Story.

To myself, I always think it is such a tragic pity that sex and religion have been so much intermingled. Emotionally they are related, of course, but morally they need not go hand-in-hand, with, in too many minds, sex a few steps advanced. Sex is not a religion, it is a human decency, nothing more. It can be beautiful, or it can be dishonest and vulgar, but it is never of the same importance as being kind. And surely the end of all the best religious feeling is simply to be kind. Sex is sex, and at the end of life it really doesn't matter; while what otherwise we are at the end of life should matter a great deal. However, this inter-

mingling of religion and sex has given rise to an enormous number of fine plots, even though, in the real story of life, it has too often brought agony and misery and death. It gives rise to yet another good plot in Miss Helen Simpson's new novel, "Maid no More" (Heinemann; 8s. 3d.). This is a serious tale, and the beginning is a little difficult by reason of this seriousness. When the story gets going, however, we are moved and we are thrilled.

We start at Oxford during the Commonwealth. Two fanatical women are preaching outside the window of Magdalen College, where a young Master of Arts sits working. Their fervour annoys him. He has them committed to the Bridewell, but is troubled later on when he learns that also they were stripped and whipped through the streets. Years later, these three meet again in strange circumstances. In the *Nonsuch*, a sailing-boat bound for St. Jago, on the African coast, are three passengers: two praying women, and the third a scholarly man, who amuses himself by baiting both of the women; especially Mary Askill. The other woman, Margery Kempe, is beyond his taunts, being too closely wrapped up in a kind of self-deceiving ecstasy. Yet, in spite of the man's tormenting attitude towards her, he falls in love with Mary, and she with him. Mary is terrified. She sees sex rearing its head between herself and God, between God and that work of His which she had left England to perform. Moreover, circumstances are all against her. The ship is apparently saved by her prayers, and so, within



Kay Vaughan

MISS CYNTHIA HEMMERDE

The daughter of the famous K.C., Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, in the uniform of a driver of the London Volunteer Ambulance Service. Mr. Hemmerde, besides being a learned lawyer, has written many plays, and in earlier days was in the Winchester XI. and won the Diamonds at Henley in 1900

Conisby's love is born a certain admiration; her faith a challenge to his paganism, to his male-ness. Mary has become, in the eyes of the crew, something of a saint.

At St. Jago a cargo of slaves are taken on board, including Maria, a beautiful young negress who had been presented to Conisby by the Portuguese Governor. Into Mary's suppressed love there comes the disintegrating element of physical jealousy. Into Conisby's love there creeps a jealousy of Mary's God. To approach nearer to her spirit he professes faith. Finally, shipwrecked on a desert island, Mary becomes his mistress. She has lost her God, but she has not lost her spiritual power over the negroes. Yet she has ceased to be a saint, and has become a purveyor of witchcraft. Only thus can she keep herself and the shipwrecked white men safe from massacre. Yet, at the end, disaster overtakes them all, though in the disaster she recaptures the old spiritual faith which, by "sinning," she believed she had forfeited. This is a finely-conceived story, beautifully written.

Autobiography.

I don't quite understand why Mr. Gilbert Frankau calls his autobiography "Self-Portrait" (Hutchinson; 10s.) a novel, unless it be that self-portraits always contain something of fiction. Except for his remarkable character-sketch of his mother, the brilliant and redoubtable "Frank Danby," there is little analysis of human motives and hidden human feelings, and only one scene—the scene when he meets the antagonism of the two daughters of his first marriage after they were grown-up—is, so to speak, apart from a long string of personal events. However, all this is by the way. What is important is that it is an interesting autobiography of the action type,

with well-known people crowding the scene, and disasters and successes following on each other's heels so quickly that the effect is breathless. It is, indeed, so crowded that it is not surprising he tells us nothing, or little, about himself: I mean apart from what he has done, so to speak, in his business and social life. It is a long story, but it is eminently readable from beginning to end, as all his books are. And it is a vivid picture of a hectic, busy life, mostly with London as its highly-lit background, and the war and its miserable after-effects as its shadow. And if you are interested in what was once one of the most



Fowler Smith

A.S.O. (MRS.) D. MAURICE

Another lady who is doing her bit in this at present stagnant war. She is Assistant Section Officer in charge of a detachment. The faithful hound with her answers to the name of "Dina"

The story is full of drama all the way through. I believe, also, that it could have been twice as long and yet not become boring. That is a surprising virtue in any book, especially in an autobiography where nothing inward is revealed.

STOP PRESS FROM THE FILM SHOWS



JACKIE COOPER AND BETTY FIELD
IN "SEVENTEEN"



GREER GARSON AND LEW AYRES, WHO ARE BOTH IN "REMEMBER,"
AT OUR EMPIRE



LAUGHING IT OFF IN THE "A NIGHT AT ST. MORITZ" PARTY:
LOUIS HAYWARD, WENDY BARRIE AND CONSTANCE MOORE

The party which clever little Ida Lupino's husband, Louis Hayward, Wendy Barrie and Constance Moore were at was in aid of the Hollywood Guild, and Wendy sold "false money" for some of the side-shows. Ida Lupino has had a real bumper success in *The Light That Failed*. Jackie Cooper, like Mickey Rooney, is feeling his film feet a bit, and *Seventeen*, title of his new picture with Betty Field, says everything that needs to be said. *Remember*, in which probably most of London has seen Greer Garson and Lew Ayres at our Empire, with Robert Taylor and Billie Burke also starring, is a brilliant study of a desolating cheerful woman in which Robert Taylor and Greer Garson play two people who lose their memories after imbibing some kind of dope. Virginia Field, who is in the film version of John Steinbeck's famous play, is a niece of Auriol Lee



RICHARD GREENE AND VIRGINIA FIELD, WHO ARE IN
"OF MICE AND MEN"

"LIGHTS UP!"

By ALAN BOTT

SAVOY THEATRE

NO insult is intended in calling Mr. C. B. Cochran a grand old war-horse. He is prominent in the picture when a multitude of the middle-aged recall the lights of London in 1914-18. And here he is again, having sniffed from afar the smoke of a necessary battle against boredom in a dimmer, drearier war. His new revue—*Lights Up!*, at the Savoy—is well up to the modern mark, if not always to the wartime minute.

The inevitable items featuring the black-out, battle-dress and evacuees, are redeemed by characteristic touches of producer's cleverness. Almost as inevitably, Army and Navy are shown at odds over a girl; but they get together in a witty duet, "C'est la Guerre," excellently rendered by Clifford Mollison and Martyn Green. And while there have been many imitations of Haw-Haw of Hamburg, all others are surpassed by this one from James Hayter: he is pluperfect in the sarcastic, adenoidal, sing-song drawl affected by the announcer-clown who, because of his whinings over the enemy radio, has become more of a household word than any Admiral or General of the England he so much despises.

The weakest parts of the show are in the sketches. The special merit is in the deft niceties of production. Mr. Cochran, adapting himself to the mood of economy, has forsworn the spectacular and evolved a revue which is gay without being gargantuan. There are splashes of Miss Doris Zinkeisen's pseudo-Victorian and *ersatz*-Edwardian colour; but good use is made of simple effect and shadowed background; notably in the remarkable Marihuana dance by Robert Lindon, and in a well-grouped number called "Drift."

The best items, other than those mentioned, are a Christmas pantomime (with Evelyn Laye for Prince,



EVELYN LAYE IN THE
NAUGHTY 'NINETIES



AND THE
FURIOUS 'FORTIES



VALERIE FRASER IN BATTLE-DRESS WITH
SOME OF MR. COCHRAN'S YOUNG LADIES

AND ROBERT LINDON AND GERALD NODIN

and Ugly Sisters Mollison and Green in a rousing rugger-scrum); Evelyn Laye as dumb assistant to Clifford Mollison's badly-rattled Illusionist; and especially, Evelyn Laye singing in a Victorian dance-hall, *con espressione e con molto brio*, a ballad that seems to paraphrase "She was Poor but She was Honest." If there is too much mention of Miss Laye, it is because she has given me an agreeable shock. After a youth mis-spent in looking glamorous on musical-comedy stairs, and beautifully warbling in various kinds of broken accent (which was all very nice, but not my glass of milk), she has suddenly unfolded as a comedienne. Mr. Cochran has "discovered" her as the lightest of light humorists but an authentic and remarkably pert one. Her gestures and grimaces as the conjurer's assistant for ever doing by accident her master's tricks, are delicious. In her ballad, "Only a Glass of Champagne," she blends bathos with insolence so exquisite that one forgives Mr. Cochran's howler in announcing the 19th-century singer as Cora Pearl—who couldn't sing and didn't frequent London dance-halls (she plied her harlot's trade in Paris).

Doris Hare is first class as a Cockney urchin, and elsewhere deserves better material than she gets. Phyllis Stanley displays graceful vigour always, and much else when she strip-teases inside a Fragonard frame. I have not said enough about James Hayter, but he continues to be a good deal funnier than Haw-Haw of Hamburg. Nor about Clifford Mollison; but because of him I shall buy the gramophone record of "C'est la Guerre." This and other of the tunes by Noel Gay will be hummed all round the town and camps.



JAMES HAYTER

CLIFFORD MOLLISON DRIFTING
THROUGH THE FRAGONARD
STRIP-TEASE OF PHYLLIS
STANLEY



EVELYN LAYE AS
PRINCE CHARMING



DORIS HARE AND
HER DOG

MARTYN GREEN

TOMTIT

SUPPING AT THE SAVOY
AFTER "LIGHTS UP!"MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS,
THE FAMOUS ACTRESSMR. OLIVER MESSEL, MISS ELISABETH BERGNER
(WITH "POGO") AND "C. B." HIMSELFMRS. HARRY ROY, NOT REALLY
ALONE—ONE OF A PARTY

MR. AND MRS. TOM WEBSTER

STEVE DONOGHUE, MISS EDNA DAVIS
AND MRS. DOROTHY THOMAS

MAJOR AND MRS. LLOYD GEORGE

MISS SYLVIA RÉGIS DE OLIVEIRA
AND MR. PETER STEWART

Mr. Cochran sure has provided the right dope for the black-out, and long may this glittering show at the Savoy continue to show its light before the men and women of our peaceful little village. Almost everyone went on to refresh at the Savoy after the show. For *entrepreneur* and two other celebs. see top. "C. B." looks what he ought to have been—thoroughly satisfied. The distinguished actress and the clever young artist also look as if they had enjoyed themselves. Another "celeb." is in the picture just below—"Steve," who has "come on" a lot since he stopped wasting. Mrs. Harry Roy, as is well known to one and all, is the second daughter of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak and wife of the owner of the renowned band. Tom Webster also needs no label; neither, of course, does that talented dramatic actress Miss Margaret Rawlings. Miss Régis de Oliveira, daughter of the former and most popular Brazilian Ambassador and Dona Régis de Oliveira, has not gone back with her parents and is doing war work in this country, which has been a home-from-home to her

SIR LOUIS AND LADY STERLING
AND MISS SHELAGH MACAULAY

*Marcus Adams, Dover Street*

**THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE AND HER CHILDREN,
LADY AMABEL YORKE AND LORD ROYSTON**

Two recent portrait-studies taken at Lord Hardwicke's Sussex seat, Dale Park, which is near Arundel. The only son and heir, Lord Royston, was born in 1938, and his sister, the only daughter, is three years older. Lady Hardwicke, who was married in 1934, is a daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Francis and Lady Lindley, he being the youngest son of the late Lord Lindley, who was a life peer. Lord Hardwicke, on the outbreak of the Second German War, was in the reserve of the Life Guards, one of our meagre stock of real cavalry regiments which mechanisation has left us



THE MAN OF DESTINY

By
MICHAEL ARLEN

ON a spacious terrace carved by man's audacity and fear towards the summit of a mountain peak, a shortish middle-aged man paces to and fro. His face is quite undistinguished but for his eyes, which are masterful and austere. He walks with his hands clasped behind him, nervously clenching and unclenching them. Every now and then he throws back his sagging shoulders, as though conscious that the skies have an eye on him. He looks restless, tired and anxious. Below him lies quite unregarded the superb tapestry of hills and valleys and rivers in the pure morning light.

From an opening in the sheer rock, presumably one of the doors of a fortress within the mountain, a short and very fat man emerges noisily. In a Norfolk jacket, with a jaunty Homburg hat, he looks like a caricature of Field-Marshal Goering arrayed for hunting. He is Field-Marshal Goering arrayed for lunching with a blonde.

THE MAN: Heil.

GOERING: Heil Hitler. The German people stand behind their Leader as one man. Thanks for last night's party, old boy. The caviare was marvellous, and so were the girls. Well, I have to hurry off. Good-bye, old boy. Heil Hitler. The German people stand beh—

THE MAN: One moment, Hermann. You know a great deal about women, don't you?

GOERING: I am well-informed, naturally. Not having your spiritual resources, I can't afford to miss all the fun you do. Unfortunately, though, I am not getting any younger. Still, with a woman who knows her—

THE MAN: Please spare me your vulgarity, Hermann. I want to ask you—well—a delicate question. I know so little of these things. Tell me, is a woman—well—is she grateful—no, let us say does she *appear* grateful when—when you have—er—

GOERING: Look here, old boy, you are making me anxious. You are not actually becoming *normal*, are you, at your time of life? Because it would be letting us down frightfully if you started taking an interest in women now after all the build-up we have given you as an ascetic and mystic and Lord-knows-what. You had better see Goebbels' doctor, old boy, for some splendid calming stuff he—

THE MAN: Please answer my question.

GOERING: Naturally, old boy, any woman is grateful to *me* when I have given her a tumble. You bet she is grateful when a Marshal of Germany condescends to a bit of fun. But you are different, old boy, so don't go getting any ideas of that kind or you will spoil your news-value among the neutrals. You have simply *got* to hang on to your asceticism, old boy, or we'll lose the war before we can get away to Abyssinia. By the way, Himmler is advising me to buy more of Simon's new converted War Loan, but I am already rather loaded up—

The man dismisses him with an impatient gesture, and resumes his anxious pacing. He swings round eagerly as a pretty girl emerges swiftly from the rock. She has the long exciting-looking legs and slender figure and exquisite clothes and carefully careless beauty of a wealthy American girl travelling in Europe and up to no good. The man holds out his arms to her, but as she runs gaily to him they drop to his sides and he regards her morosely. The girl, who is slightly the taller of the two, lightly kisses him.

THE GIRL: Good morning, darling. Oh, this view—and the air!

THE MAN: Tell me I am dreaming. Tell me there was no last night. Tell me you do not exist.

THE GIRL: You bet your life I exist. Why, I've just had an enormous breakfast—and to think we were told there's no cream or butter in Germany!

THE MAN: The German people stand behind their Leader as one man.

THE GIRL: But as one rather thin man if you and old Fatty grab all the butter. Now what is all this about my not existing?

THE MAN: Woman, look at me—*me*! Do you think I am accustomed to trivialities such as I permitted myself last night? Do you think—

THE GIRL: Don't you mean, poor dear, such as I permitted you? But don't let us argue. And you were so sweet, too. So shy. Like a clumsy college boy.

THE MAN: Is this I who am standing here trifling with a pretty face? Why have you done this to me—to *me*? When you came into that ball-room last night my heart seemed to expand—to recognise you. I ask myself if I am going mad—I, who have never wasted time or thought or energy on such trivialities. Child, how did you manage to seduce me into coming to your room?

THE GIRL: Curiosity, darling. An American girl does not meet a dictator every day. I shall always remember you as you were last night—so human in your pyjamas. You were quite sweet, and so helpless.

THE MAN: Helpless! She enters my life from nowhere—and calls *me* helpless! Yet women are grateful to a boor like Goering. Tell me, aren't you grateful to me?

THE GIRL: Morning is no time for such talk, darling. Besides, what do you expect, with the retired and unnatural kind of life you seem to have led?

THE MAN: That I should stoop to such folly as love-making—and fail!

THE GIRL: Remember Napoleon—he was no woman's dream, either. But I really must go now. My husband is waiting in Berne.

THE MAN: Child, have you bewitched me? Stay with me here. Don't leave me now. If this is folly, let me understand it and master it. If this is love, let me drown in this sweet childishness, so that I shall be saved and live. Teach me how to kiss and laugh and love. Don't desert me now—to my thoughts, my failure, my people, my destiny. That word "*darling*"—teach me how to say "*darling*." Please, darling, stay with me so that I can learn how to conquer you and believe in myself.

THE GIRL: Oh, mercy, how stupid it is always to think in terms of conquest and defeat!

THE MAN: But isn't love conquest? Isn't love triumph?

THE GIRL: To be annihilated too, like Poland, like the Jews, like Vienna's laughter? No, poor dear man, love is not anything grand and greedy like conquest. Love is no more than dear nonsense. But men like you will never understand that. Conquest is wicked nonsense, and love is dear nonsense, and that is the history of the world—which all the cruel madness in the world can never alter. Good-bye, my friend. I shall always

think of you not as the Leader but as a rather sweet and very helpless man. Good-bye, poor dear. Remember me. Remember laughter. Remember childishness.

THE MAN [*alone again*]: God! Jupiter! Wotan! O Heaven, Olympus, Valhalla! Why have you betrayed me? When you made me strong, why did you not make me wholly heartless? When you made me greedy, why did you give me even one tear of pity? When you made me vile, why did you give me even one pang of conscience? Lord, I am drowning in the misery I have made. And why? Why did I want to command the world? *Why?* My life is limping towards the dust, but I have never lived, never laughed, never loved. Dear nonsense! Goering! Hess, Himmler! Come here, all Gauleiters! Your Leader decrees that, since he has failed in love, no German henceforth shall ever speak of love, under pain of death. Dear nonsense? Decadent, shameful weakness! Another wicked English conspiracy to weaken the mighty German people, who stand behind their Leader as one man.



THE MAN!

AT THE IRISH



AT SUPPER-TIME: MR. IAN BLACKER
AND THE HON. JUNE FORBES-SEMPILL



MR. AND MRS. CECIL HODSON AND MR.
DENIS PHIBBS WATCHING THE DRAW

RED CROSS BALL



MRS. T. F. McKEEVER WITH
LORD HOLMPATRICK



MR. FRANK AIKEN
AND MISS MAUD DAVIN



LORD MILTON AND MRS. KEVIN
DUGGAN



THE HON. MRS. CORBALLY-STOURTON
AND CAPTAIN J. M. WARDELL



MR. STANLEY WOODS, MOTOR-CYCLING ACE,
AND WIFE

This ball was in aid of the Dublin City and County Branch of the Red Cross, and unconnected with the General Red Cross Fund, and it was held at the Royal Hibernian Hotel. Not only Dublin and adjacent places backed it up. Most of Eire's Corps Diplomatique was in evidence, and hunting, racing, and just ordinary social celebrities were there in droves. Lieut. - Colonel Bramston - Newman, who was chairman of the organising committee, is seen with the châtelaine of Leixlip, who goes so well to the Kildare hounds. Riding talent was represented by Mr. Denis Phibbs, who is likewise well known in Irish polo circles. He and Mr. and Mrs. Hodson were watching the draw of the Sweep. Mr. Blacker, who is with Lord and Lady Sempill's younger daughter, is the son of Lieut.-Colonel F. J. Blacker, a famous former Master of the Kildare. Racing (also the Brigade of Guards) was represented by Lord Milton, and another kind of racing by Mr. Stanley Woods, who has won the International (Motor-Cycling) Tourist Trophy ten times.



THE HON. MRS. TRISTRAM MASSY AND
LIEUT.-COLONEL BRAMSTON-NEWMAN

Pooler, Dublin



"TRAGI

FROM AN ETCHING BY

This picture is in the Royal Academy United Artists' Exhibition in aid



AGEDY"

HING, BY LOUIS GINNETT

in aid of the Red Cross and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER—That the *première* of Henry Bernstein's new play, *Elvire*, took place on the worst night of the worst winter we have had since 1917 was unfortunate, but it in no way spoiled the party, since

every lucky ticket-holder was determined to be there—by fair ways or foul. They were mostly foul! The only pleasant method of reaching the theatre being reserved to that small minority still able to find—and employ—chauffeurs. The wives, the pretties and other friends of owner-drivers did fairly well also, given, of course, that the owner-driver was self-sacrificing enough to drive up, deliver the goods, and depart to park somewhere on the far horizon and then return, midst snow and ice, to find that the curtain had gone up and, *par suite*, the doors of the auditorium were closed. Bernstein is the only dramatist who gets away with this. Maybe his triple status as author, producer, and owner-manager is the explanation! The rest of us relied on taxis, which was optimistic and cold, or the Metro, which was wise and warm. The Concorde station, if you come out by the exit that is opposite the Crillon, is less than a hundred yards from the Théâtre des Ambassadeurs—and what is a hundred yards of slush to a sensibly-shod woman? We were Patou, Molyneux, or Schiaparelli from top-knot to knees, but from the knees downwards we were gum-boots, pattens and even sabots.

The Ambassadeurs stands on the site of the famous open-air *café-chantant* where such stars as Yvette Guilbert, Dranem, Polaire, Polin and so many other top-liners of *le tour de chant* made music-hall history in the early days of this century. The present building was erected about ten years ago. A fairly modern theatre, one would think. Quite! But not modern enough for Bernstein, who, since last spring, has not only had it entirely redecorated, but has twisted round exits and entrances so that we enter by what used to be the side door and depart by the front. Fond lovers, making tryst, now say: "Meet me in the gloaming where the entrance used to be"! The new decoration is regal. Ivory white, dull gold (discreetly used) and royal purple. This sounds easy and a little obvious. So easy and so obvious that no one ever uses this voluptuous *mélange*, with the result that, when at last it is employed, the obvious becomes rare and unexpected.

The performance I attended was the *répétition générale* which took place on the eve of a gala *première*—for charity—at which all the crowned heads of Paris were present! Nevertheless, we had our ration of celebrities. Noel Coward

was in the stage box with Mme. and Mlle. Bernstein and Robert-the-brother-of-Henry. The Government was represented by *Messieurs les Ministres* Georges Bonnet, Pomaret, Campinchi and Paul Reynaud. Maurice Magre, secretary to

the Élysée, strolled over from next door. The Académie Française dispatched two of its younger members, Jerome Tharaud and Jacques de Lacretelle, to show us that the *Immortels* are not afraid of 10° below zero. Their Excellencies Sir Ronald Campbell and Mr. William Bullitt were reported present, but they must have been in boxes under my side of *la corbeille*. It is by this charming name that Paris speaks of the dress circle and, personally, I prefer the front row of the *corbeille* to any other place in the theatre. I saw and heard perfectly, and I also discovered how many of my boy friends are beginning to "grow through the top of their hair," as a young friend of mine puts it, and what a number of our prettiest blondes are becoming brunettes. Lady Mendl was wearing her gleaming silver hair combed back and tied with a black ribbon à la Alice in Wonderland.

Arletty, who continues to be one of the best-dressed women in Paris, still clings to her 1900 top-knot, and you, who have enjoyed the extreme brevity of her attire in the film *Hôtel du Nord*, would have been amused to see the yard-long train that trailed behind her when she walked abroad during the interval.

"Not very practical, surely, darling!" sez I.

"Sez you!" sez she—or the French equivalent, and, bending down, she performed some strange acrobatics. When she straightened out I saw that she had pulled the tail of her gown up between her knees and tucked the end into her belt in front. Result: pants à la Spahi while you wait! *Très pratique!* I seem to be telling you about everything at this *première* except the play. This is from sheer fright of not doing it justice, for I have never known Bernstein more subtle and, at the same time, more cruelly and simply human. There is no plot. The four acts represent the story of a few weeks from the lives of three ordinary people who only emerge from their everydayness by their reactions to the disruptive presence of an unknown quantity represented by *Elvire*. She is a stranger, an Austrian, a refugee from Nazi horrors whose sorrows and rare joys reveal, by force of comparison, the banality of the pleasures and mishaps that occur in the safe and guarded lives of the three friends who take her in. It is a great and grand theme, and one that it did many of us good to listen to.

PRISCILLA.



Navana

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS FROM FRANCE

M. and Mme. Jean Bergnier, who were married in London on February 2, are as welcome as they are distinguished visitors from the land of our Allies. M. Bergnier is the President of the Chamber of Commerce of Honfleur (Calvados); also a Counsellor of the Exterior Commerce of France. He has a large estate, "La Bauge," near Deauville. Mme. Bergnier is a daughter of the Comtesse de la Marche. Her father was shot during the Russian Revolution. The Comtesse de la Marche is a direct descendant of Blanche of Castille and also of Louis IX. of France



Harcourt

JEANNE AUBERT

Who is entertaining the "on-leavers" in Paris at the *Nouveautés*, where she has been giving three performances daily since mid-November. One of her greatest song-hits is "Quelque Part en France," or, as we might say, "Somewhere in France"

AT A TREDEGAR

HOUSE CONCERT



COLONEL AND MRS. T. W. PEARSON
AT THE RECITAL



HOST AND HOSTESS: COLONEL LORD TREDEGAR
AND LADY TREDEGAR



SIR HUGH WALPOLE
AND SIR ROBERT WEBBER



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
AND MRS. DESMOND MURPHY



MRS.
CHARLES
FORESTIER-
WALKER
AND

BRIGADIER
C. BAYNHAM
AND MAJOR
J. E. C.
PARTRIDGE

PRINCE GEORGE
CHAVCHAVADZE



LORD ANNALY WITH SIR LEIGHTON
AND LADY SEAGER

Lord and Lady Tredegar were hosts to a distinguished gathering recently when Prince George Chavchavadze, the famous pianist, gave a recital at Tredegar House in aid of the Monmouthshire Welfare Fund. Colonel Pearson and Major Partridge are both very well known in Rugby circles, Colonel Pearson having been capped for Wales no fewer than thirteen times, while Major Partridge, himself a first-class exponent of the game, was one of the founders of the Army Rugby Union. Lord Annaly was formerly in the 11th Hussars, and is married to the sister of Lord Spencer. His father was a very famous Master of the Pytchley in the early years of this century. Sir Hugh Walpole, the novelist and critic, was appropriately with another master of the printed word, Sir Robert Webber, who is a very important figure in the newspaper world. Lord Tredegar, who was formerly in the Welsh Guards, and is Honorary Welfare Officer for Monmouthshire, was married to Princess Olga Dolgorouky in Singapore last year. Colonel Murphy is C.O. of an ex-Territorial battalion of a very famous Welsh Border regiment, of which, incidentally, Mr. Truman Howell, our photographer, is Regimental Sergeant-Major

Photos.: Truman Howell

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A
LESSON
IN
DETERMINATION

TIMOTHY MEANT—

The mountaineer is the son of Captain Lionel Neame, Coldstream Guards, and of Mrs. Neame, and these pictures present an amusing instance of heredity, for Timothy's paternal grandfather was a member of the Alpine Club and went up most of the peaks in Switzerland during his lifetime. Considering that Timothy was only fifteen months old at the time the photographs were taken and could not even walk, his climbing performance was pretty remarkable

NOT long ago a wealthy lady asked an assistant in the wool department of a New York store for instructions on how to make a dog's sweater.

"How big is the dog?" asked the sales-girl.

The lady's illustrations were not very successful. "Maybe you'd better bring him in," suggested the girl.

"Oh, I can't do that," said the lady, "it's to be a surprise."

The pilot of one of our "leaflet" planes reported back at headquarters two hours before he was due. His astonished C.O. asked for an explanation. "Well, sir," the young officer replied, "I flew over enemy territory as instructed and tipped out the parcels over the side."

"Do you mean you threw them out still roped up in bundles?" said the C.O., in anxious tones.

"Yes, sir."

"Great Heavens, man, you might have killed somebody!"

"You know, dear," cooed one sweet young thing, "a new hat is such a tonic. Whenever I'm in the dumps I get myself a new hat."

"I always wondered where you got them, darling," purred the other.

The young couple stood before the parson. Both seemed very frightened. The parson glanced at the young man.

"Do you," he said slowly, "take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"I—I—really don't know," stammered the boy nervously.

The parson turned to the girl.

"And do you," he asked, "take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?"

"Well," hesitated the girl, "I'm beginning to wonder."

The parson nodded.

"That's great!" he cried grimly. "I now pronounce you man and wife—maybe!"

"You don't mean to tell me that you've lived in this out-of-the-way hole for over forty years?" said the visitor.

"Oh, yes, I have," replied the old inhabitant.

"But, really, I cannot see what you can find to keep you busy here."

"Neither can I—that's why I like it."



TO—



GET UP—



AND HE DID!

Hitler was making a visit to a lunatic asylum in Germany. As soon as the Dictator appeared, all the inmates lined up, standing smartly to attention and giving the Nazi salute. One man at the end of the line alone did nothing.

"Here, you!" screamed Adolf, "why aren't you saluting?"

"Don't be silly," said the man, "I'm one of the guards here, not one of the lunatics!"

Photographs had been taken at the war wedding, and the happy pair were assured that proofs would be sent to them so that the best might be chosen for delivery.

Some days passed, and the looked-for envelope arrived.

All excitement, the young couple opened the envelope. But instead of pictures of the bridal group they were confronted with studies of a two-months-old baby.

The bride nearly collapsed. So did the bridegroom when, on looking at the back of one of the proofs, he read: "Please state clearly when ordering which size you want, and how many."

A ticket inspector entered a train at Dieppe. He examined several tickets, and told each of the holders that they were in the wrong train. They must, he said, change at once.

As his progress along the carriage continued, he found still more passengers who had made a mistake about the train.

Then one of them had a bright idea, and asked the ticket inspector whether he was not in the wrong train. He was.

A member of the Special Police, on duty for the first time, roused a London household one Sunday night to point out an inadequately darkened window.

This was remedied. Politely he took his leave, apologising for having had to draw the householder's attention to the matter.

With equal politeness the householder remarked that he, too, had something to point out. The Special was wearing his helmet back to front.



I SPY!, OR CATCHIN' 'EM ALIVE

By P. S. M. AULD



Crisp

ST. MARY'S BEAT THE LONDON IRISH AND WELSH

The crack Hospital side was a good deal too hot for the combined regimental side, and in the recent match at Teddington won by 10 (2 goals) to love

The names in the group are: (l. to r., back) Captain L. H. F. Sanderson, R.E. (referee), B. E. B. Johnston, I. P. Skempton, D. V. Bowne-Jones, J. G. McGavin, A. W. Young, H. D. Cockburn; (seated) —, Ross, T. Graham Jones, S. M. MacRae, C. G. Reynolds (captain), T. A. Kemp, R. T. Campbell, I. S. Jacklin; (on ground) N. A. Davies and —, Vasey

"I'LL never assume that a rogue or a thief is a gentleman worthy implicit belief, because his attorney has sent me a brief (said I to myself said I)." These are the words of W. S. Gilbert's immortal Lord Chancellor. I think we may take it that when that admirable young stuff gownsman eventually reached that giddy pinnacle in his profession to which we know he attained, he said to himself said he: "... And I will never accept, or advise any jury to accept, the uncorroborated evidence of an accomplice, especially in the case of a capital charge!"

If we may take this as read in the cause which is at present before us (the Court of Sessions of the world), I am sure that his Lordship, in his charge to us, the jury, would direct us to discard *in toto* the testimony of two persons who can both be considered as witnesses who might not be batting on our side.

One calls himself "ex-Gestapo Chief," the other alleges that she was closely concerned in a secretarial capacity with the *vie intime* of the accused person who is in the dock. Both the witnesses claim to be German. Neither of them, so far as is disclosed in their voluble writings, claims to have had an extensive education in the English language, yet they both write it with a definite facility and fluency. How does this come about? If I had been the Chief of our C.I.D. and decided to write the full and particular record of my machinations for a German newspaper or a German book publisher, my German being far from perfect, could I have done it? The answer is an emphatic negative. What credence, then, should be attached to these narratives about Hitler and his "birds" and Hitler and his Gestapo? The former may get over with people with the mentality and brain of the Scandal Sister, and the latter with the person who thinks that anything that he sees in print must be true, but with *homo sapiens* . . . !

* * *

If there are any people who garden still left with the time and the energy to pursue that ancient and pleasing pastime, I wonder if they recall their adventures with daffodils and tulips and, in fact, any other bulbs which they plant with the view to

Pictures in the Fire



CAPTAIN SIR PETER AND LADY GREENWELL

Taken leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after the heavy confetti barrage. The bride is the second daughter of Mr. and Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas, who is a sister of Lord Normanton. Sir Peter Greenwell is in a Yeomanry regiment and succeeded to the baronetcy last year

their ultimately adding to the glory of the garden? I add dahlias to the question because, as Mr. Middleton no doubt would tell us, to make them do their best you must lift them, store them in a dry place where the cruel breath of winter cannot get at them, and then replant with plenty of care, light soil, leaf or potting mould, and a spot of manure if you want to get those dazzling blooms of which we are all so fond. I suggest that Mr. Middleton should be at once co-opted as a member of the S.S., for his knowledge of "planting" would be bound to be invaluable.

It is not suggested that we may not have some "gardeners" quite as efficient as Mr. Middleton in the Secret Service branch of Intelligence, but I do express the pious hope that they are not going to let



Stuart

TENNIS ON SKATES FOR THE RED CROSS

Left to right, Jean Nicoll and her brother, Bob, who were beaten 8-6, 6-2 by Ronald Shayes and Rene Edwards in this slippery contest at the Ice Rink at Richmond. Ronald Shayes has applied for a commission in the R.A.F. (P.T. Branch)



HENRY AINLEY AND LADY HAMOND-GRAEME—FELLOW YORKSHIRE—"MEN"

Snapshotted at the annual luncheon of the Society of Yorkshiremen in London, which was held at the Criterion Restaurant. The famous actor has been heard in broadcast plays many a time, but has not made many actual stage appearances for some time

By "SABRETACHE"



TWO WELL-KNOWN AT PALM BEACH

The Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow and Mr. Robert Sweeney browsing in some sun which is apt to make us envious. The American Press has been very busy announcing an impending engagement!

the German "planter" (a very highly efficient person) get to wind'ard of them. Think of how far ahead you plant your bulbs. War is war, and it is advisable to shoot first and look at the corpse's identity-disc afterwards. It is much the safest way in the end. War is war, and you cannot play the game in kid gloves. Mr. "Rich." Bragg, the huntsman, who so infuriated John Jorrock, M.F.H., wanted to hunt the Handley Cross hounds, but found that a hard-headed man was not having any of his nonsense.

Upon the last occasion I had the pleasure of meeting that interesting personality, Captain Von Rintelen, I made so bold as to suggest that he should publish in book form the lectures which he has been giving to various schools in England, because as his



ALSO AT THE SOCIETY OF YORKSHIREMEN LUNCH IN LONDON

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Clay and the chairman, Sir Murrough Wilson, who is a Lieut.-Colonel by rank and commanded a Territorial battalion of the Yorkshires in the last war. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Clay is a daughter of Lord and Lady Baden-Powell



Crisp

THE COMBINED LONDON IRISH AND WELSH XV.

The side which suffered a decisive defeat from St. Mary's Hospital at Teddington (10-0) and were pretty well outclassed in all departments—the war, no doubt, being mainly responsible. For "enemy" see opposite page

The names are: (l. to r., back row) Captain L. H. F. Sanderson, R.E., R. James, J. J. Brennan (referee), A. Edmunds, Brendon Quin (Hon. Sec., London Irish), M. E. J. Croker, J. Tresawna, J. L. Powell, W. D. Savours (Hon. Sec., London Welsh); (seated) G. Davies, D. E. Hennessy, B. J. A. Lowe, H. St. G. Gallaher (captain), J. W. de Mestre, C. J. Griffin, J. A. Davies; (on ground) E. H. Taylor, D. Walters

main subject was "Secret Service in War and in Peace," I felt that they would be of very great interest to other people besides his schoolboy audiences. Coming from whom they do, someone who has been in The Game himself, they may transcend anything that he gave us in "The Dark Invader." I am certain, without having been told of or read anything that these lectures contained, that they made his hearers go all pop-eyed, for there is nothing to compare with the adventures of a real Agent. The cinema theatre does its best for us, but all the time we know that the spies they produce are just Hollywood or Denham or somewhere, and that they are not the real stuff. Captain Von Rintelen is one of the very few people who can—and will—give us the actual. The stage and screen spy is excellent so far as he goes, but is there anyone who really believes in him or her? I doubt it. There were many well-authenticated stories and there may be not a few that could be told about what has been going on since—and before—Munich 1938, but they are not publishable under present conditions. Captain Von Rintelen's adventures, however, are so, and I feel that we should not be deprived of them.

Until we got that very interesting and most informative Air Ministry *Weekly News Letter*, we never realised how that very gallant force, the R.A.F., carried on when on those long-distance and never-ceasing reconnaissances. I for one pictured them having to carry on with a Thermos flask full of something hot and nourishing and a dog biscuit or two to make weight, as you might say. It is very good news to learn that this is not so, and that in their modern aerial battleships the food is a lot better than it has been in some T.B.D.s and, so I am assured, in any submarine. Here is the good news from the Air Ministry's little *billet doux*:

"A typical menu on an all-day patrol would read: *Breakfast*: Bacon and eggs, tea, bread or toast, jam. *Lunch*: Irish stew, potatoes and peas. *Tea*: Eggs and chips, bread, butter or margarine and tea. Whatever time the aircraft lands, there is always a hot meal for the crew at their base."



PRINCE GUSTAV-ADOLF OF SWEDEN AND PRINCESS SYBYLLA AT STORLIEN

The bungalow and adjacent ski-ing at Storlien belong to the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden. He is a brother of Princess Ingrid of Denmark and in the direct line of succession to the throne of Sweden. The Princess was formerly Sybylla of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

Air-Conditioned War.

MOST people's idea of Heaven, as I take it, is one of those "scenes of riotous luxury" which are absolutely banned from the screen by that banshee body, the British Board of Film Censors (whose wail portends the death of art in the cinema). In other earlier and more vulgarly warlike wars such scenes used to be widely prevalent behind the lines. They provided the sorely-tried soldiery, no less than the more conscientious conscientious objectors and the more profitable profiteers, with relaxation and revelry under conditions free from alarums and excursions.

This time, however, "scenes of riotous luxury" are few and far between. Indeed, they scarcely seem to exist, and I now make a plea for their revival. The reason for their disappearance is that this is the first air-conditioned war in history and air-conditioning is hostile to luxury and the rest of it. The fug of 1914 was more luxury-provoking than the air-conditioning of 1940. To-day every war move is influenced by air power; by the probable effects which air power could have if exerted. And this applies right from the front line to places many miles away from it. So London and other cities are blacked out both physically and psychologically because of the aeroplane. Because of the aeroplane there are no bright nights or light nights.

Now I have said in a former note why the black-out is necessary. Royal Air Force officers I know who have observed its effects are satisfied that it ought to exist. They say they cannot take the responsibility of defence without it. They are entitled to hold and to express that view, and I think that if we want to be sure that London is guarded in the highest possible degree we must continue with the black-out and even intensify it. But it is still within our power to say that we ourselves, as citizens of that great city, prefer to accept a part of the risk and to have a bit more light and a few of those "scenes of riotous luxury" which seem to go with it.

Raid Risks.

I am not going to be tempted into predicting whether there will be heavy air raids in the future or not. So many people have already done the predicting that no more is needed. But I am going to say that many evacuated children have come back because they or their parents knowingly prefer to take the risk and live as they wish, and that grown-up people should have a like choice.

The change could not go very far. But it should be founded on the fact that the individual citizen should have some say in his own affairs—and I mean a direct say here and now and not a problematical one at times of elections. The idea is too prevalent that the citizen is made for the black-out instead of the black-out being made for the citizen. There is no need for so much dragooning in applying the regulations. After all, it's *our* black-out. It is not the exclusive possession of the police and the magistrates!

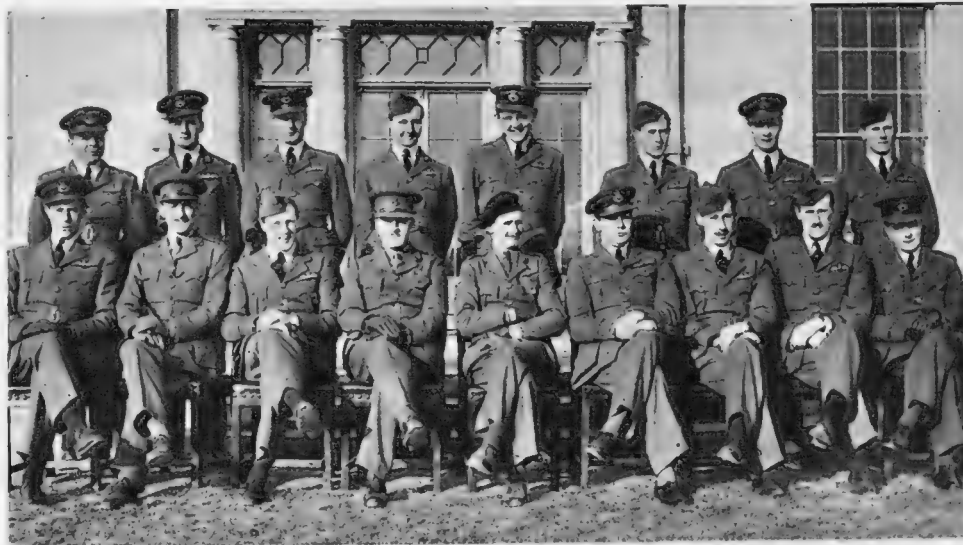
Party.

Air parties tend to become more and more gatherings of the Royal Air Force. And, by the way, the frantic Government efforts to prevent people even from mentioning to friends information which, if it ever got to the enemy, might be useful to him, make it rather more difficult for the civilian who is talking with an Air Force man than for the Air Force man himself.

For even though one probably knows where he is stationed and what he is doing, one tries to keep entirely off these subjects so as not to put him in an awkward position. It is all rather childish.

The only good thing that may come out of it is that it may revive the art of human conversation; conversation about subjects based on the wider events of life and not so much upon individual businesses and activities. When I meet Air Force people I am naturally interested in getting their views on Air Force matters. But if that is ruled out, the alternatives seem to be the humanities or silence. Indiscretion has always been the better part of conversation. Without it, conversation will either die or be switched to an entirely different line. Remember that the weather is ruled out and that the humanities take a lot of handling.

At the parties I have attended lately, however, there seemed to be no signs of flagging conversation—or of flagging spirits. The Handley Page one (I suppose the place is secret) was as good as ever, in spite of the spell of secret weather (as it was then) which we were having at the time. During the peace the Handley Page parties were celebrated because they brought together many of the interesting people in and out of aviation. The first one of the present war kept up the standard, for many of those who are now working out of London came up from their secret abodes specially for the occasion.



C.O. AND OFFICERS 4th SQUADRON, R.A.F.

Being compelled to say just "nowt" about anything any squadron of the R.A.F. may or may not have done has a definitely cramping effect upon eloquence. The quick way is to say that every squadron either has done or will do a good job of work every time it gets a show

The names are: (standing) P/O.s D. R. Griffiths, E. J. Durston, J. M. White, J. D. Hall, P. W. Arbon, P. G. Dexter, J. N. Hunt, H. C. Hilton and Sq.-Leader Rotherham; (sitting) P/O. A. G. Parnall, Captain A. J. N. Rutherford, Flt.-Lieut. G. R. Shepley, Major R. J. Appleby, O.B.E., Sq.-Leader R. E. S. Skelton, Flt.-Lieut. L. Matthias, Flt.-Lieut. D. Weston-Burt, F/O. L. Aitken, F/O. E. L. Hawkins

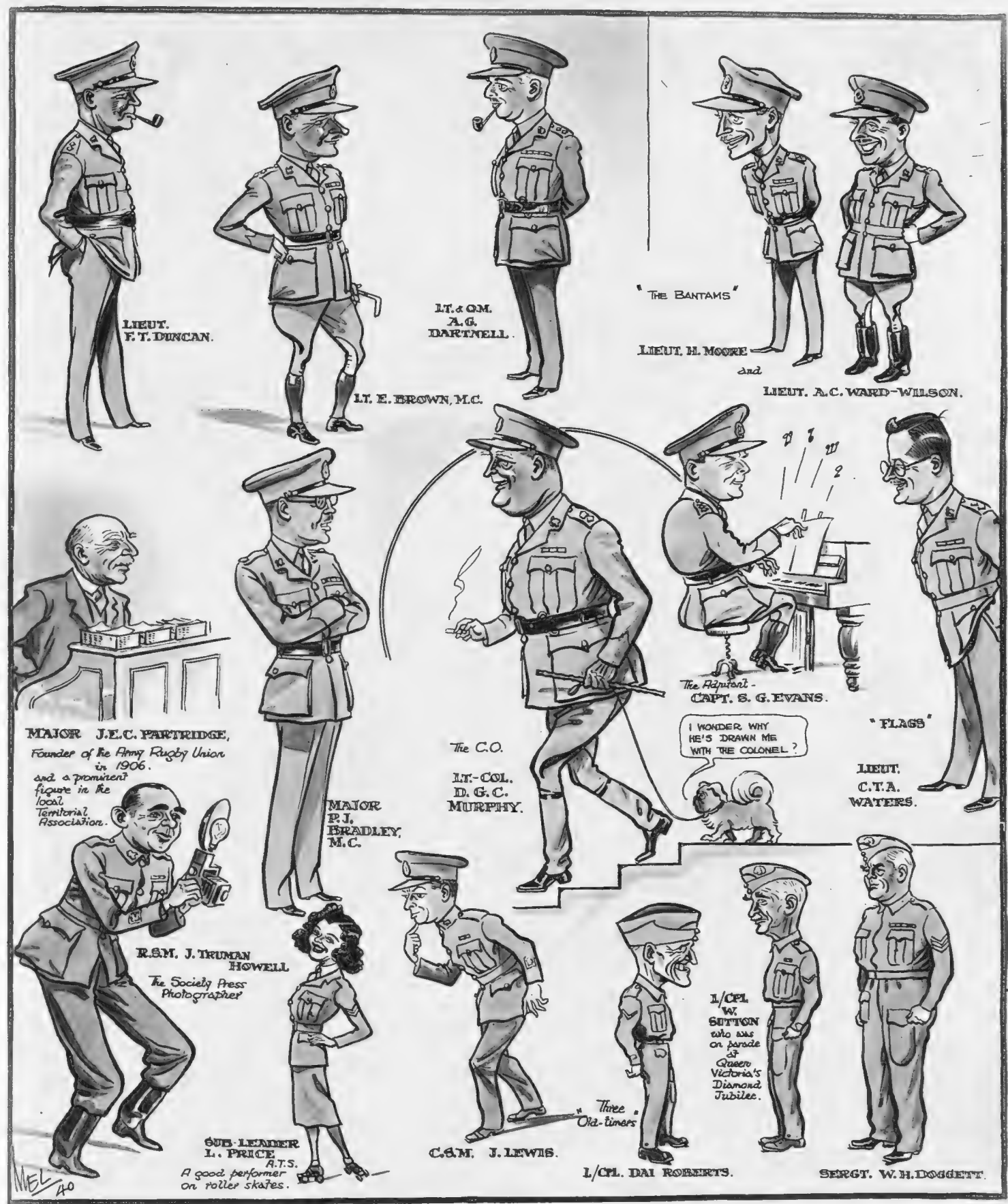


Photos: Stuart

AT ANOTHER R.A.F. STATION

The Commandant with his two W.A.A.F. assistants. Wing-Commander W. R. Read, M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C., and (left) Assistant Section Officer (Miss) A. H. Melhuish and (right) Assistant Section Officer (Miss) B. H. M. Badcock

SERVICE UNITS—No. 20



Nth BATTALION (H.D.) SOUTH WALES BORDERERS—BY "MEL"

The artist's pictures are so eloquent that it leaves but little more for anyone else to say, save to repeat that the thing of which the S.W.B. are proudest is that they are "the 24th," whose fine record is imperishable and dates back to the days of the Zulu War in which one of their battalions stood to the last man and the last cartridge

NEXT WEEK: AN R.A.F. TECHNICAL SCHOOL

SNAKES AND LADDERS

By NORAH COTTERILL

FORTY-NINE years ago accident of birth bestowed the surname of True on a roaring, lusty infant. The True parents, regarding proudly the man-child of their begetting, were inspired to choose Earnest, with spelling as for a virtue, for his baptismal label.

"Ever Earnest, ever True" they breathed over his cradle with simple benediction; praying with pious faith that the child or man would never betray his noble-sounding name.

In dying young there is no doubt that Mr. and Mrs. True saved themselves a great deal of painful disillusionment.

In a varied career, in which he rarely found honesty to be his best policy, Earnest True certainly found his name a useful advertising asset. "Ever Earnest in your service, ever True to contract" was his latest quip in conversation, letters and as a slogan on his office walls. New clients took it as rather a naïve expression of good faith. Old stagers winked at it with a ribald eye, knowing it to be just about the most ironical misnomer that could have been acquired by the toughest theatrical agent in the business.

Earnest could make you all right, they admitted, hence the never-ending stream of hopefuls round his office door. But he could, and would, break you and your contract without a pang of conscience if it suited him, financially or otherwise.

It was useless to fight against Earnest if once he decided an act could be supplanted by one more profitable. Things would begin to happen; odd things that would wear his victim down, take the heart out of him and finally hunt him—or her—out altogether. Then a new star would rise, "discovered" by Earnest.

"He'll get it in the neck some day for his dirty double-crossing. Somebody'll get him just where they want him," a poor dupe would rail impotently. But Earnest continued to make, to break and to amass a pleasant fortune at the expense of his breakages. And nobody quite knew how to ensure that he would get it in his plump, pink neck some day or ever.

Usually at the end of July Earnest went on what he called his voyage of discovery: touring seaside resorts, big and small, for possible finds. Joseph Plattner always required one Discovery to be included in the famous Plattner revue, besides the usual constellation it was Earnest's job to assemble.

It was about the middle of August, in a tawdry Eastern theatre on a South Coast pleasure beach, that he first saw Maranyi, the Snake Girl.

Preceding her there had been a turbaned conjurer, a mediocre dancer in a mist of veils that disclosed without discretion and enfolded all too infrequently. Earnest had been on the point of going when the garish curtains had swung back once more, to reveal a statuesque figure of eerie and pagan beauty.

Maranyi's perfectly proportioned body was naked except for a gold loin-cloth. Her skin was pale olive; she was probably Eurasian, Earnest thought. Her oval face, with its deep, lustrous eyes and its only colour in the full scarlet of her mouth, was not beautiful but strangely and inexplicably alluring. A jewelled

band encircled her black hair, cut straight after the fashion of a queen of ancient Egypt. Curling about her, hanging in a monstrous fringe from her outstretched arms, were dozens of snakes. They varied in size, from the small black ones that clasped her delicate wrists and ankles like bracelets to the huge boa-constrictor coiled round her slim torso; its flat, evil head swaying restlessly over one shoulder and young, high breast.

"Discovery!" breathed Earnest in sudden excitement, seeing in inspired vision this golden, exotic creature groomed and boomed into stardom, Joe Plattner's curtain swinging back on a bizarre, sensational scene that would make all London gasp.

Earnest found Maranyi in a dingy back-stage room. Wrapped in a red satin dressing-gown trimmed with tarnished gold braid, she was lying on a shabby divan, studying Earnest's card with its scribbled request for an interview.

She did not move as he came in, but watched his approach with a certain wariness lurking in her dark eyes.

With distinct caution Earnest picked his way between several black boxes on the floor, one of them still open and revealing glistening, rope-like bodies tying themselves into knots on the grimy flannel lining in its depths.

"I suppose they're harmless really," Earnest smiled knowingly as he nodded towards the box.

It was rather odd that the act had appealed to him, he was thinking, when all his life he had never been able to suppress a nervous horror of snakes.

Maranyi sat up, her dark eyes opening wide, her attitude one of definite affront.

"They are deadly poison snakes," she said, her low voice queerly menacing. "It is announced at every performance." She waved an arm towards a bigger box, mercifully closed,

that apparently housed the boa-constrictor. "Hugo alone could crush a stranger to pulp. The little black ones I wear as my bracelets are deadly," she went on. "If they strike, there is no time to do anything but—die. They do not care much for strangers," she added, reaching out to pull down the lid of the open box.

"I'll take your word for it," Earnest assured her with considerable relief. "As a matter of fact, I came round because I liked your act, Miss Maranyi. Worked up and given a good setting, it might get over well. How'd you like a break in Joe Plattner's revue?" he asked, with a dramatic gesture that suggested he was offering her the earth.

Maranyi was silent for a moment, studying him with veiled, fathomless eyes.

"I stay here till the end of August," she announced presently, "and then, perhaps, I will think about your Joe Plattner."

"But—I'm giving you the chance of a lifetime!" Earnest exploded, amazed and piqued by her indifference to his glittering offer, yet oddly spurred by it to realise his vision of her as the Nineteen-forty Discovery. "Anyway, Joe doesn't go into rehearsal until September," he hurried on persuasively. "But perhaps we could fix up a provisional

(Continued on page ii)



Pooler, Waterford

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD AND HER TWO SONS

The young Marquess of Waterford, who is on the right, succeeded on the untimely death of his father in 1934. He was then one year old. His brother, Lord Patrick De la Poer Beresford, was born in 1934. Lady Waterford is a daughter of Major and Mrs. David Lindsay, her father being a kinsman of Lord Crawford



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PETROL VAPOUR

By
W. G. McMINNIES

Ambulances in Action.

THE local ambulance unit had been summoned for its first black-out test. At the command "Action!" drivers were ordered to mount their vans and drive once round the adjoining block. Full of enthusiasm, they jumped to attention. Two fell headlong down the steps into the street, cursing the black-out. One succeeded in starting a van, only to be turned out of his seat by another with the words "Whose blanketty bus d'you think you're taking?" Soon three vans were circling the block. The first to return just missed a taxi that had drawn up outside the headquarters. Its female occupants were removed to hospital suffering from minor shocks. Driver No. 2, cornering with verve, just avoided his mate; while driver No. 3, with equal enthusiasm, missed the other two by swerving across the road into the railings.

Guide to Car Care.

If you're keen on preserving the condition of your car you should send to Wakefields, of Knotty Green, Beaconsfield, for a copy of "Car Care." It's a pocket-size guide full of up-to-date information on the maintenance of a car. Written in an interesting and intimate way, it contains many useful hints and tips of which even an experienced owner may be ignorant. For instance, discussing cylinder corrosion, it states that every gallon of petrol consumed produces as the result of combustion more than its own volume of water. When the engine starts up on a cold day some of this water can be seen dripping out of the exhaust-pipe. Its effect on the cylinder walls can be imagined, and it was to overcome this, among other evils, that Wakefield chemists produced their new series of light oils which could get to work as soon as the engine started. Another point which the guide makes clear is the reason for using different kinds of oil in winter and summer. In addition to the chapters on maintenance, several pages are devoted to fault-finding; and the up-to-dateness of the information will appeal even to the expert, so write for a free copy now.

Watch Your Step.

The Government's advertisement campaign to "Look out in the black-out" seems to be directed principally at pedestrians. Unfortunately, owing to the advancement of Summer Time to Sunday, February 25, it will be difficult to estimate the results in this latest attempt to reduce the accident

figures. For people will be going home in the light and even the cyclist will cease to be a danger to himself and others. And while on the subject of cyclists, that was a good story of the B.B.C.'s about an unlighted woman cyclist who, having been accosted by someone who afterwards turned out to be a policeman, rode away, and told the Bench she did so because she'd been warned never to speak to strangers in the dark.

A Paramount Invention.

Which invention made in recent years has had the greatest effect on our daily lives? The wireless, electricity, the cinema, telephone, or some of the great medical discoveries? But one invention that has certainly revolutionised transport is the pneumatic tyre, whose originator, Dunlop, the veterinary surgeon, was born in Ayrshire a hundred years ago. To-day it is estimated there are 144,000,000 bicycle tyres in use all over the world. In 1938 British factories made nearly 6½ million

motor tyres, 1½ million of which saw service in eighty-five foreign countries and thirty-five dominions. More than sixty-two per cent. of the crude rubber consumed in Britain is used for the manufacture of tyres, not only for cars and cycles but also for aircraft, wheel-barrow, and farm and estate vehicles of all kinds.

Hundred-Mile Slide.

Here is a typical adventure of a party who ventured out on that memorable day when the rain froze almost before it could contact the road. In Arctic conditions they had to proceed with the screen open. The ascent of every hill, no less than the descent, was so risky that the passenger preferred to walk. A gale sprang up and hurled branches, already overloaded with ice, across the road, narrowly missing the car. Telephone-posts and wire added to the debris. The ninety-eight-mile journey took nearly eight hours, and just to show the amount of wheel-spin that had occurred on the ice-bound surface, the speedometer read 105.

Forced Landing.

That inn called "Air Balloon," on the edge of the Cotswolds, near Gloucester, was a famous coaching stop on the London road. Three hundred years ago it had another name, but changed it to its present one when a Cheltenham aeronaut flying a hot-air balloon landed near the pub. after a five miles' flight. Were modern man to repeat the trip he would almost certainly be arrested as an enemy parachutist.



Stuart

OFFICERS OF A GROUP HEADQUARTERS STAFF, R.A.F.

Interesting as it would be to say quite a bit, the place and any other chat has to remain severely camouflaged. The originals will all recognise themselves, but the enemy may not until they make their more intimate acquaintance

The list of names is: (back row) F./O. F. H. L. Varcoe, M.C., F./O. F. L. Goodacre, Flt.-Lieut. C. A. C. Fidler, D.C.M., F./O.s T. A. Priestley, H. J. Lewis, J. R. Colquhoun, F. G. Mills; (middle row) F./O. B. Crane, A.F.M., P.-O. B. P. Fortescue, Sq.-Leaders W. A. Rollason, F. J. B. Powell, M.B.E., G. S. Taylor, F./O. S. E. Grand, Sq.-Leader J. K. Rotherham, F./O. H. V. Campbell, Sq.-Leader E. L. S. Ward; (sitting) Sq.-Leaders C. J. W. Hatcher, A.F.C., C. B. M. Rhind, Wing Com. K. A. Meek, M.B.E., Group Captain A. Corbett-Wilson, A.O.C. Air Commodore A. S. Morris, O.B.E., Group Captain J. A. C. de Courcy, M.C., Wing Com. A. B. Wiggin, Sq.-Leader R. H. Donkin, Sq.-Leader J. H. Pool,



THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT ON INSPECTION DUTY
Captain Euan Wallace (right) and Lord Saltoun having a look-see at a new electric battery-propelled vehicle in Palace Yard, Westminster, a demonstration arranged by the Electrical Development Association in conjunction with the Electric Vehicle Association

"HEIL CINDERELLA"



LADY ZIA WERNHER AND
MISS GEORGINA WERNHER



SIR MICHAEL DUFF-ASSHETON-
SMITH AND LADY ELIZABETH
VON HOFMANNSTHAL

HEILS LONDON



LADY ELEANOR SMITH
AND MR. CHARLES HARDING



LADY MILBANKE, THE HON. LIONEL
MONTAGU AND LADY STANLEY



THE HON. VIOLET AND THE
ROBARTES AND

HON. JULIA AGAR-
LORD CLIFDEN

It is *verboten* to say anything about the atmospheric temperature, but it is not forbidden to say that the welcome at the Fortune Theatre to this amateur-acted little pantomime was not exactly frigid. The verdict on an all-round reckoning was that Miss Olga Lynn and Mrs. Cecil Beaton as the "ugly sisters" walked away with it, even though they were so well-backed-up by the Queen (Lady Juliet Duff and Princess Pavlovsky, formerly Lady Mary Lygon, on alternate occasions). Mr. Cecil Beaton is part-author with Mr. John Sutro and has appeared in all of the adventures *Heil Cinderella* has had round the countryside, where all the proceeds have been devoted to the worthy cause of buying cigarettes and other comforting things for the troops. There is not a great deal of space to devote to personalities but Lady Eleanor Smith's new book, "Mothers' Meeting," is due for publication almost at once, and Lord Clifden is with two of his sisters. Lady Elizabeth Von Hofmannsthal is the former Lady Elizabeth Paget, Lord and Lady Anglesey's second daughter and was married last year. Lady Zia Wernher, wife of Sir Harold, brought her daughter, but whoever came with which, they all seemed to enjoy themselves, which was quite as it should be

(ON RIGHT) MRS. PELISSIER (PENELOPE DUDLEY
WARD), MR. IAN MARSHALL AND MR. CHARLES BIRKIN

Photos: Swaeb



The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. Brooke



THERE is always something new at Warings, Oxford Street. The novelty of the moment is the coats made of "Panda" cloth in various colours; it has thus been christened on account of its resemblance to the fur of that animal. This fabric has been used for the spring model on the left, and although it is reinforced with a scarf and faced with moiré the price is five and a half guineas. As will be seen, the shoulders are square

DICKENS AND JONES, Regent Street, have in their artistic new building devoted a floor to maternity fashions, children's wear and lingerie. It is in charge of a sympathetic expert. The frock on the right is for maternity wear, it is provided with the accepted gadgets and soft wool with an angora finish the cost is 79s. 6d. On application this firm would send their illustrated brochure gladly



THE name of Revelation, 170 Piccadilly, is synonymous with all that is excellent in the domain of travelling paraphernalia, so much so that it is often overlooked that they excel in accessories that are of interest to men as well as women. Portrayed on the right is an efficiently fitted writing case reinforced with a sliding fastener; it is compact and practical. Below it is a leather case with safety razor and other shaving accessories. The other leather case is provided with two bottles; there are some with four. A strong point in favour of the sewing case is that it is extremely well fitted and can be stowed away in a small space



Pictures by Blake

Now that the blackout lifts a little each day, people will be going out more. We at Swan and Edgar realize this and have collected amazing versatile frocks—all very inexpensively priced



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Snakes and Ladders

(Continued from page 260)

contract before then. It might mean fifty a week rising to eighty or more if you made a smash hit," he said, watching her narrowly, surprising only the merest flicker of deep flame in her eyes as he made his offer.

"I will think," she repeated calmly. "We must talk again."

"O.K.," nodded Earnest, metaphorically sitting back a little now that he was assured that her indifference was not so great as it had appeared to have been. "I'll write—wait——" He scribbled on an envelope as though with sudden inspiration. "Here's my private address. You could come up about the end of the month and we could talk things over quietly. Write me some dates and I'll fix it. I think we're going to be good friends, you and I," he murmured the old cliché with new enthusiasm as he put his pudgy hand over her completely passive one. "You can trust your Earnest and True to give you a break, baby."

Alone in a first-class carriage on his way back to London, it began to dawn on Earnest with unpleasant certainty that he had made one of his rare mistakes. With a feeling of mystification he went over the events of the afternoon. He became convinced that he must have been the victim of some kind of hypnotism to have been persuaded that a girl with a draping of vile snakes would make a hit in a Plattner revue. He had often known instances of Eastern show people possessing odd powers that material philosophy failed to explain.

It was lucky he had gone no farther than talking, he breathed with profound relief. He might write to her later and perhaps push in a fiver with some sort of explanation.

A week later the banked-up war clouds burst. In the dislocation of the show business that followed the declaration of war, Earnest conveniently forgot Maranyi; but went on assuring the Press that the Show Would Go On with rehearsals.

He was disconcertingly reminded of her existence by her unexpected appearance in his fourth-floor service flat one evening.

The waiter had just cleared away the remains of his excellent dinner. Earnest was sitting back, watching the smoke curl up from his cigar, feeling that the warmth and light of his comfortable flat were infinitely preferable to the depression of London's blackout. He swore softly and got up with reluctance as the door bell trilled peremptorily.

A slim girl in black, who stared at him with deep baleful eyes that were vaguely familiar, was outside the door.

"I am Maranyi. I would like to speak to you," she said directly.

Earnest stared at her in momentary discomfiture as recognition came; then pulled himself together with characteristic assurance.

"Maranyi, of course!" He greeted her with a praiseworthy assumption of delighted welcome. "Why, it's grand of you to come. As a matter of fact I was writing to you," he told her as he led the way into the dining-room, "but I knew you'd understand how this war had messed up things; contracts off and all that sort of thing. Sit down, my child. We'll have a drink and a nice cosy talk."

But the girl stood obstinately by the door; a gas-mask carton swinging by its string from her fingers. The black fur-trimmed coat she wore made her golden skin look muddy and yellow. Her straight black hair hung dankly from underneath a close-fitting hat. Earnest found it hard to believe that this plain creature was one and the same with that other whose golden body had been a pagan poem of allurements.

"I was awfully sorry not to be able to fix anything," he went on insincerely. "The war, of course——"

"But the Show Will Go On," she cut in on his babbling excuses. "You promised me a break, Mr. Earnest and True, so—what about it?" she demanded.

Earnest's mood changed swiftly from suavity to outraged annoyance. It was absurd and infuriating that this shoddy little beach trouser should dare to bully him.

"You won't get any break," he snapped. "You haven't a line to prove I promised a thing. Your act won't do for the West End; and that's all there is to it."

"I don't think it is," the girl retorted; still swinging the gas-mask carton to and fro in a manner that Earnest found peculiarly irritating. "You said I could get fifty a week, Mr. Lying and

False. I would like fifty pounds down in lieu of contract," she requested coolly.

"Get out of here and take your damned gas mask with you," shouted Earnest when he had found his breath of which Maranyi's effrontery had temporarily bereft him.

Still Maranyi did not go; still the brown carton swung maddeningly to and fro from her fingers.

"It is not a gas mask in the box," she informed him with smiling malice. "It is a snake; a little black one that moves and strikes quickly."

"You little fiend!" yelled Earnest, lunging forward to make a clumsy dive for the bell push. But, quicker than his, Maranyi's fingers were on the light switch, plunging the room into impenetrable darkness.

Earnest plunged round helplessly; unbelievably bewildered by the sudden pall of blackness that wrapped about him suffocatingly and pressed like hot fingers on his eyeballs.

"You rotten little devil! I'll have you jailed for this. What have you done with that 'dam' snake?" he shouted, his voice harsh and frantic with fear.

He heard Maranyi's low chuckle. "I'm just letting it go," she said. "I can catch it again when I want it."

There was a soft thud and a ghastly slithering sound on the polished floor. Helpless and directionless, Earnest put out wildly groping hands. But nothing was near or familiar; the room seemed fetid with the menace of the unseen horror.

The awful darkness was closing in on him like a stranglehold that was choking the breath in his throat. If only he could see the window or the glow of a radiator; but the window was densely curtained and the flats were centrally heated.

This damned darkness was killing him—this nightmare stumbling in a black void; the ghastly fear that the slithering horror might strike. . . .

"Will you give me fifty pounds?" came Maranyi's calm, smooth voice.

Earnest stiffened; the distance and direction of her voice had revealed that he must have put the length of the room between them. Silently he reached out and exulted as his fingers contacted the heavy velvet of the curtains. The window behind them opened out on to the fire escape. If he could only get down the escape ladder he would save fifty pounds and get the girl arrested for this night's work.

Somehow he groped and fumbled round the enveloping folds of velvet and found the window-catch. He stepped out warily on to the small platform.

There was no moon; not a pinpoint of light shone through London's blackout. Earnest clung dizzily to the slender hand-rail and knew an even greater terror and nausea as he stared down into the fathomless pit of darkness below him.

He had forgotten that the darkness would wrap round him again mercilessly; that his eyes would strain agonizedly and see nothing, his uncertain feet stumble and slip on the steep, narrow steps he could not even feel. . . .

Maranyi heard the noise of his falling and was afraid. Swiftly she fled; avoiding the lift, slipping down the stairs and out of the flats as unobtrusively as possible.

It wasn't really her fault, she argued as the darkness cloaked and swallowed her. She'd only meant to frighten him. That was why she had handed out the dope about the snake being deadly poison when——

She stopped; her heart beating sickeningly at the sudden realization that the gas-mask carton was swinging too lightly from her fingers.

But surely they couldn't fasten anything on her just because she'd left behind a bit of slithery old hosepipe?

* * *

For the first time since the Restoration, a "straight" presentation of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* is to be put on for a run in London.

The production date is March 12; the theatre, the Rudolf Steiner Hall, Regent's Park. There will be performances every evening at eight, excepting Mondays; matinees on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Dr. Faustus, based on a legend printed in Frankfurt in 1587, was written by Christopher Marlowe subsequently to his successful *Tamburlaine*. The exact date of its first production is unknown; but after the author's untimely and sensational death, it had a tremendous vogue, which lasted until the Puritan era. On the Restoration it was revived. It remained a popular favourite with the masses, degenerating eventually into a harlequinade.



MRS. HENRY BOUSFIELD

Mrs. Bousfield, formerly Miss Mary Guest, is the wife of Captain Henry Bousfield, the advertising agent and author, and is now attached to a Chelsea first-aid post. She is, incidentally a cousin of Lord Wimborne. The famous Duchess of Richmond, who gave the ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo, was her great-great-grandmother

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS AUDREY MARY ARNOTT

Younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Arnott, of Oaklea, Newcastle-on-Tyne, whose engagement is announced to Pilot Officer David E. Henderson, only son of the late Mr. E. R. L. Henderson and Mrs. C. H. Sills, Campden Hill Gate, Kensington

Old Church between Mr. John Miller and Miss Susan Fremantle.

The marriage will take place on Wednesday, March 6, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, between Mr. George Cavendish Maxwell and Miss Peggy Bishop.

The marriage will also take place on Thursday, March 14, between Mr. Douglas Perrin Story, of Grove House, Swindon, Wilts, second son of the late Mr. Charles Story (formerly of Witney and Frome) and of Mrs. L. M. Story (now of Totland Bay) and Mrs. Elsa Milton, widow of Captain Edward T. Milton (13th The Northumberland Fusiliers). The wedding will take place at Christ Church, Swindon.

Tomorrow's Wedding.

The marriage will take place tomorrow at the New West End Synagogue between Mr. Ralph Silverstone, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Silverstone, 64 Harborne Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, and Miss Joy Schaverien, only daughter of the late Mr. Lewis Schaverien and Mrs. Ray Schaverien, of 2 Strathearn Place, London, W.2.

Saturday's Wedding.

The marriage will take place on Saturday at the King's Chapel of the Savoy between Mr. Peter Stebbing and Miss Pauline Corinna Margery Sitwell.

March Weddings.

The marriage will take place on March 1, at Chelsea



MISS BETTY BATT

One of the most promising of Wimbledon's "stars," whose engagement was announced recently to Mr. Noel Passingham, another member of the Cumberland L.T.C.

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Miss Jean Innes-Kerr, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Alastair Innes-Kerr, C.V.O., D.S.O., and of Lady Alastair Innes-Kerr, and Mr. Reginald Baron (Barry) Black, son of the late Mr. J. B. Black and of Mrs. Black; Captain Dennis Abbott, Royal Garhwal Rifles, son

of the late Mr. C. E. Abbott and of Mrs. Abbott, of Lindfield, Sussex, and Miss Delphine McConaghey, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel F. McConaghey, C.I.E., and of Mrs. McConaghey, of Fleet, Hampshire. Mr. William Paul Crow, second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Crow, of Heathcote, Cookham Dean, Berkshire, and Miss Joyce Meadon, only daughter of Sir Percy Meadon, C.B.E., and Lady Meadon, of St. Annes-on-Sea; Surgeon Lieutenant Eric John Yates, second son of Doctor and Mrs. F. Yates, of Hendham House, Queen's Park, Manchester, and Miss Joan Congdon, younger daughter of Doctor and Mrs. A. W. Berry, of The Corner House, Bramhall Park Road, Bramhall, Cheshire; Lieutenant Cecil Edward John Morton, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, son of the late Captain Cecil Morton, Royal Marines, and Mrs. Alec Madden, and Miss Margaret Wainwright, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. F. Wainwright, Palestine.



MISS ROSEMARY MULLIGAN

Youngest daughter of the late Mr. T. S. Mulligan, of Glenul, Broad Oak, Heathfield, Sussex, whose engagement was announced recently to Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald-Finch, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Otho Fitzgerald-Finch, of Tullaghmore, Waldron, Sussex

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

There is rather a widespread prejudice against bitches as companions. This really need not be; in some ways bitches make more satisfactory companions than dogs. They are more affectionate, cleaner in the house, do not fight, or roam away and are quite as intelligent. Their management really is quite easy with a little care. I always have had bitches and never find them any trouble at all. For people living in towns, there are many excellent places who will take them for the few necessary weeks. It is common knowledge that

personally I do not see much point in training them for work which can be as well done by gun dogs! A Poodle is a most striking dog, with specially good carriage and movement, and of course from his intelligence makes a most interesting companion. Mrs. Ionides, whose kennel of Griffons is famous, has comparatively lately taken up Poodles and has gone at once to the front. She appreciates their brain power as well as their looks. She sends a charming photograph and writes: "The two are four months old, children of Vulcan Champagne Silvo, who lives in the house with us. His son, the right-hand one, is also living with us now and is quite adorable." There are some attractive puppies for sale, also Griffons of all ages and colours.



BULL TERRIER PUPS

Property of Mrs. Adlam

the rest of the time they are considerably less trouble than dogs. After the last war there

The Alsatian has had rather a chequered career. People kept them was a "boom" in Alsatis. People kept them who should not have kept a canary, with the inevitable result. The Alsatian suffered under this for some years, but now has taken his rightful place, as a first-class companion though, like all large dogs, he must have a proper temperament and be well trained. Mrs. O'Brien's Alsatis come under both these headings. None are kept who are not of good temperament. She has now two young Alsatis for sale, house trained and friendly. There are also two Bedlington bitch pups and an older bitch, also house trained. They are for sale, very reasonably. Mrs. O'Brien has moved to Inverness-shire, where I am sure she and the dogs are enjoying that delightful county. The photograph is of a family party.

The Poodle has long been recognized as the brainiest of all dogs. For many generations they have been trained for stage performances and they seem to enjoy and appreciate their own cleverness. They are also great sportsmen, though



FAMILY PARTY

Property of Mrs. O'Brien



POODLE PUPPIES

Property of Mrs. Ionides

for sale, also Griffons of all ages and colours.

The Bull Terrier, as his name shows, was originated by a cross between the Bulldog and the Terrier, about the end of the eighteenth century; it must be remembered that Bulldogs in those days were much more active and higher on the leg than the ones we have at present. Dog shows have been the making of the modern Bull Terrier, who is an exceedingly handsome dog; he is friendly as a rule but a determined guard, which makes him much sought after. He does especially well in the tropics, as the climate does not seem to affect him as it does some breeds. One of his nicest characteristics is his devotion to children, who he will guard carefully. For some time Bull Terriers were always white, lately coloured ones have been less uncommon and they are certainly very attractive. Mrs. Adlam has a very well-known kennel of Bull Terriers and sends a delightful photograph. All letters to: Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam Southampton.

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WHO NEVER GETS A HEADACHE?

If there is any one who never gets a headache, who never wakes up in the morning with a head feeling muzzy and woolly and unable to concentrate, this is not for him. But for most of us, here is something really important.

When you get a headache, whether from overwork, or worry, or stuffy rooms, or smoking too much, or even drinking too much, you're suffering from an acid condition. It's little good taking something to ease the pain unless you get rid of the acidity as well. Your headache is bound to come back.

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Racing Ragout

(Continued from page 238)

under the influence, I thought) began to wax eloquent on the subject of convoys and technical details concerning them. A naval officer at the table turned very red and asked me if he could have a word with me outside.

"Your girl friend," he said, "is a very indiscreet young woman, and whoever has given her the information she is now broadcasting slightly inaccurately, should be court-martialed." I was happy to tell him that the lady was not my girl friend, and that I thought she was a bore and that I should be delighted to see her and her boy friend, whoever he may be, behind barbed wire for ever.

Beside these feminine enormities my own worst "gaffe" sounds comparatively innocuous. I was standing watching a race at Nottingham with my great friend, the late Felix Leach, jun., for whom I used to do a certain amount of commissions. Felix had lately acquired a new patron with whose colours I was not familiar, and I did not realize he had a runner in the race. In the course of the race I saw a horse come in fourth or fifth which, to say the least of it, looked as if it might have been a bit closer. "Look at that one in orange, Felix," I remarked, "there's one for another day." "Shut up, you B.F.," was the reply, "don't you know he's one of mine." All ended happily, however, and we had a nice touch on him when he won at Catterick Bridge a week or two later.

* * *

"The Tout's" sketch published in this article last week as of Mr. H. L. Egan, should have read as of Commander Archie Courage, who is a steward of the Plumpton.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. WILLIAM GORDON TAILYOUR AFTER THEIR WEDDING

Captain and Mrs. William Gordon Tailyour were married on February 10, at St. Peter's, Ash, Surrey. Captain Tailyour, who is in The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, is the younger son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. G. H. F. Tailyour, and his wife was before her marriage Miss Katharine Daphne Kennedy, younger daughter of Colonel J. Crawford Kennedy, C.B.E., M.D., and Mrs. Kennedy of Ash, Surrey

ROUNDBOUT NOTES

The Central Committee of the Combined Hospitals' Flag Days has issued the following gracious message from H.M. the Queen who is the patron and has authorized its publication in the press

"I feel it is a real tribute to the generosity and goodwill of the public, as well as to the devotion of so many unselfish workers, that the London Hospitals Street Collections for 1939 should have resulted in a sum not far from double that collected in any previous year. As patron of Hospitals' Day, I am grateful to all those who gave so freely to bring about this very heartening success, and I am touched by the sacrifice made by the hospitals in transferring three-quarters of their October collection to the Red Cross.

"I am glad to learn, too, of the fine response to the first Combined Broadcast Appeal on behalf of the Voluntary Hospitals.

Every move towards co-ordination of effort in this way is, indeed, a move in the right direction.

"The hospitals, already the refuge of so many sick folk, have had their responsibilities greatly increased by the war, with its need to be prepared for whatever may come. Their cause, therefore, is more vital and pressing than ever before, and my good wishes go to all you who labour so loyally on their behalf."

* * *

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, are anxious to raise 2s. 6d. a week for coal for a helpless old man of eighty-two. He was a traveller, and as each of his firms were hard hit in the bad times, none of them can now help him. After his board and lodging is paid he has nothing for warmth and little extras. Please help us to provide these for him; it cannot be for long. The Friends of the Poor work so untiringly for all those who are in real bad trouble that we feel that none of their appeals ever fall upon deaf ears.

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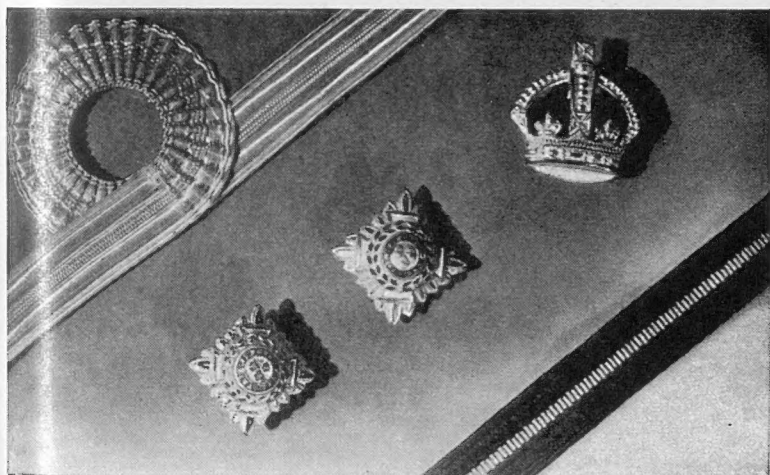
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... he lost patience and cut short the discussion with this obstinate monk, threatening him: "You shall marry. I shall see to it myself."

Fra Jeronimo had expected trouble and difficulties of many kinds, but he had not been prepared for anything like this. He was sincerely orthodox in his principles, and intended to keep the solemn oath of celibacy which he had taken. The Cacique, however, was not the man to take "no" for an answer—least of all from a European captive whom he had deigned to honour with his friendship and upon whom he had conferred already many benefits. Poor Fra Jeronimo, bewildered, did not realise the weight of the storm that was gathering over his head.

He was summoned one day to the chief's presence. Barely had he made his salutation, when a bevy of Mexican beauties filed in, and the Cacique, pointing a stern finger, said: "Choose one."

Fra Jeronimo glanced heavenward, made the sign of the Cross, and respectfully refused to obey.

Containing his tury, the chieftain ordered him to examine the girls one by one before voicing another refusal.

Again the monk was stubborn. This time the Cacique dismissed him; but commanded one of the girls to follow and establish herself in his room—adding that if she did not succeed in making him change his mind, another would try.

It was plain that the Cacique was banking on the irresistible edicts of nature; but he did not know how, in the West, religion was so strong a force that it sometimes effaced in a man all his natural impulses. In barbaric Mexico priests were expected to marry and raise families like other men, and they were held in no less respect for it.

Fra Jeronimo's voluntary renunciation of this blessing seemed so extraordinary that it could only be justified by some abstruse or diabolical reason. Hence the Cacique's tenacity of purpose. He forced Fra Jeronimo to submit to arduous trials. Every trick and temptation that Eve's daughters could combine to devise was tried out on the obdurate monk. For weeks on end he was nearly suffocated by the attentions of alluring beauties specially selected for the purpose. Never before had he held girls in his arms at all. They breathed perfume over him, kissed even the lobes of his ears. He had not known how soft a woman's body could be.

THE historian Prescott, without deviating from his learned and austere style, describes the episode in the following words: "The Cacique put his virtue to a severe test by various temptations, much of the same sort as those with which



The Mexican chief forced Fra Jeronimo to submit to arduous trials. Every trick and temptation that Eve's daughters could combine to devise was tried out on the obdurate monk

the devil is said to have assailed St. Anthony. From all his fiery trials, however, like his saintly predecessor, he came out unscorched."

But St. Anthony came out unscorched from nothing more tangible than visions! Poor Fra Jeronimo, instead, had to contend with

the reality—seductively, caressingly alive. . . .

You'll want to read all of this story of "The temptations and adventures of Fra Jeronimo de Aguilar." It is the latest story in the series "Old Tales Re-told," which, brilliantly written and illustrated by Fortunio Matania, R.I., appear every month in Britannia and Eve.

... and here are some more of the grand features included in the February number

THE SUPER-SUB-HUNTERS

By Weston Martyr

At 35 knots and in deadly silence the sub-hunter speeds towards the unsuspecting enemy U-boat. The sub-hunter has heard her 70 miles away . . . soon the powerful depth charges are released at the enemy below. Suddenly, stern first, the U-boat is flung to the surface . . . then drops back for good. Read this and you will find why the enemy "subs" fear to venture far from home.

THE TYRANT OF PISTOJA

By Marjorie Bowen

Travel now back through time to the Middle Ages, to witness a plot to kill the Duke of Pistoja. But there is a traitor in the camp, and the duke, with devilish cunning, turns the conspirators' blades upon their own leader.

ALREMO'S

By Laurence W. Meynell

A spoilt film star and a pretty cashier have a stand-up fight at Alremo's one night. This makes news, and brings fame and fortune to a restaurant on the verge of bankruptcy. A fine story that shows the heart-throbs behind the scenes of a Mayfair rendezvous.

SILVER WEDDING

By Ursula Bloom

Lois was a discontented wife. Discontented because she thought her husband lacking in all the finer qualities. But on her silver wedding day she finds he has always known of her youthful indiscretion, and the realisation brings a new understanding.

HEARTS IN CONCERT

By Roy Wirgman

When war is declared Chick joins up . . . but Helen thinks of her new Hollywood contract. However, she returns in time and they are reunited 'mid the rousing applause of a camp concert somewhere in England.

PLEASURE HUNT

By C. Patrick Thompson

Providing pleasure is one of the world's greatest industries . . . and plays a vital part in our war effort. Here are some interesting facts and figures concerning the world's entertainment which will astound you.

SWEEPERS OF THE DEEP

By Stanley Jackson

This fine article tells us of the work of the mine-sweepers and their crews . . . The men who go out day after day in all weathers on the hazardous task of ensuring that we shall get the supplies we need.

BEHIND GOD'S BACK

By Negley Farson

This article shows us the true meaning of democracy . . . how the natives in Africa exist happily under the very minimum of rules and regulations. But we look at the German communities . . . all have their own organisations, many of them owing allegiance direct to Berlin.

HOME SECTION

Winifred Lewis offers some useful advice to newly-wed housewives. You will find two pages of new ideas and colour schemes which will inexpensively give new life to your home this spring.

More of those delightful menus rationed housewives are finding so very useful, and, of course, the *Britannia* and *Eve* beauty hints, which smart women find so helpful to combat the difficulties of our variable climate.

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